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Bad Sex, Dead Dogs & Killer Bees:
Three REALLY SHORT STORIES

Esquire

JUNE 2001

MAN AT HIS BEST

Who Owns This Body?



More than 100 companies hold patents, actually. And you know what? They own you, too.

AN INVESTIGATION
BY WILS. HYLTON



SPECIAL
SECTION

What It Feels Like...

To Walk on the Moon

To Be Struck by Lightning

To Have Amnesia

To Be

Knocked Out...a Lot

To Survive an Air Disaster

To Have the Ebola Virus

To Be Homer Simpson

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When you know



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on the cover. Page 91

89 What It Feels Like ... to have foreprints on the moon, to serve the Ebola virus, to get a phone call from the Nobel committee, to be struck by lightning, to handle snakes as the Lord rears your head. Eighteen moments of postexperience, as told by those who lived them.

102 Who Owns This Body? It started as trade promotion for cold-resistant roadshows. Now each company held patents on your blood, your cells, the marrow in your bones, even your DNA. Welcome to the great prize race. Sorry, but you've already been sold. **BY NLS. HYTON**

118 The Last Great Golf Course in America It's said that the era of the great golf course is over. Not enough good land—not to mention money or talent or money—to build another Pebble Beach. Which is why the best remaining course club is opening this summer on the Oregon coast may be a small miracle. **BY TOM CHARITTE**

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAM ORELL

122 Michael Stipe HAS GREAT HMR And other true facts about the rockstar whose celebrity has outlasted rock 'n' roll. **BY TOM JENNIFER**

132 The Funny Thing About Cholesterol There's not cholesterol story to be a lot less to do with heart disease than you've been led to think. What's back. **BY JIM KIRKMAN**

146 What I've Learned Producer David Byrne talks about sex and movies, rock and death, but especially how he became, and manages to be a successful wife. "I've never loved a dumb woman." **INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSHERMAN**

148 Three Short Short Stories Pleased by pound, the best short fiction you'll read this year: **THE GUY RANKS** A retort of people bury their dog. **BY PASQUEL RANKS** **Drunk and Dehydrated** The drunken trip to the bathroom is a new thing. (Way, here you go.) **BY T. S. PEASEN** **Brunch** A modern tale of vanity, nostalgia, and the virtues of bees down the hill. **BY ARTHUR BRAGGARD**

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I SHOULD MENTION SOMETHING: In mid-March, the nominations for the National Magazine Awards were announced. *Esquire* is a finalist for eight awards, more nominations than any other monthly magazine has received in the thirty-five-year history of the awards. Here's what was recognized:

Sam Elynn's "The Perfect First," from our July 2000 issue, was the story of the devastating Worcester, Massachusetts, warehouse

fire and of the six firefighters whose lives it claimed. It is a finalist in the reporting category. The story was edited by Andrew Ward, and Bruce Davidson contributed breathtaking photographs of the people left behind.

The fourteen-page "How to Be a Better Man" section grew out of an idea editorial director lifetime Robinson had; it was assembled by the aforementioned Andy Ward, and just about every writer and editor working at *Esquire* made some kind of contribution to it. It is a finalist in the special-interest category. In case you've misplaced the November issue, you can download a version of it to your PDA by going to esquire.com.

Robert Ruess's last story for *Esquire* appeared in March 2000. It was called "My Favorite Teacher." It was about his high school science teacher, Rick Lindwell, who just before Ruess's senior year was convicted of the sexual assault and murder of another student. The story edited by Mark Warren, is a finalist in feature writing.

One of *Esquire*'s traditions is for design. No specific story is singled out in the category. Indeed, it's for overall excellence and innovation in the presentation of the magazine. Design director John Koppes and his staff—Hannah McCaughey, Kris White, and, now, Todd Alterstein—have done a remarkable

Points of Pride

job. I should note that the Society of Publication Designers has also singled out *Esquire*, awarding it five gold medals for design excellence and naming the magazine one of five finalists for magazine of the year.

For the third year in a row, writer Michael Paterniti is a finalist. His "The Long Fall of One Eleven Henry," from the July issue, may have been the most emotionally devastating story we ran in 2000. It captured both the intense masculinity of an athlete as it's happening and the heart-breaking aftermath in the lives of the people who deal with the tragedy's aftermath. The story was edited by Peter Griffin, and it was complemented by truly beautiful photographs by Dan Winters.

One of the most surprising pieces we published last year was Ted Allen's "This Man Survived Breast Cancer," in June. With extensive reporting and the deft recounting of the stories of two men afflicted by a disease men—and their doctors—don't even know they can get, Ted earned a nomination in personal service. The story was edited by Scott Ormrod and, again, was enhanced by Dan Winters's pictures.

Esquire was the crowd for excellence in photography. Former director of photography Fynn McEntagh and John Koppes, in collaboration with regular contributors like Winters, Matt Mahurin, John Fiala, Puggy Barons, Bruce Davidson, Sam Jones, and Martin Schoeller, richly deserve this recognition.

And, finally, stories by Russell Banks, Tom O'Brien, and Alexander Hemon earned a nomination in the fiction category. It's not always easy to find exciting and relevant short fiction, but literary editor Adrienne Miller (with an occasional assist from articles editor Ward) succeeded in making a number of the items with new blood to continue *Esquire*'s connection to fiction.

There are many staff members other than those mentioned who help *Esquire* reach its editorial goals, but none more so than managing editor John Kenney who is our traffic cop and our conscience.

—David Giamper

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Contributors

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

6. For "Michael Stipe Has Greets!" (page 102), photographer **Jeff Boudet** immediately got a grin out of the singer's people who for the occasion appeared. "As soon as he walked in the door for the shoot, we started to pose and get him in a couple of shots. And when we asked him how he took it, his response was, 'Wow, like my heart.' That kind of set the tone for the rest of the day," says Boudet, who later photographed Stipe's portrait of a showcase dinner in February. The mood turned out to be a success, and Boudet even got a few old-school music with some of his crew up cheering. "It was incredible to see all of these beautiful souls," he says. "It was excited to photograph him. And we ended up having a great time. I really enjoyed the company that day's so many that I found shooting. He absolutely deserves being in my studio because he's a great person."

[illegible]

Save the Bay • Georgia • San Francisco • Berkeley Hills • California • 100 April 2001

[illegible]

COLEHAAN

Mr. December

Writer at large Scott Raab took a close look at Texas Rangers shortstop Alex Rodriguez in the wake of his signing the biggest contract in sports history last winter. Not since Reggie Jackson abandoned Oakland for the Yankees has a free-agent signing raised such a fuss, and Raab found himself in the center of the tempest with A-Rod, his agent, Scott Boras, and Rangers owner Tom Hicks ("Jackpot" April).

Batting short Rodriguez, I now remember to refer talented athletes, but when Hicks saw Tiger and Jeter, I saw Dan Morano. In A-Rod a supremely gifted athlete? No doubt. But like Morano, he will always have reason for his relative failure by looking outward. What did Hicks win last year? That a World Series A-Rod won't save baseball. He won't even save the Texas Rangers. He will under himself and have very rich men by paying great numbers to players that don't matter, and some possession his team will have.

DINA DEL VALLE
Cable City, Calif.

I don't disagree either Rodriguez or Boras leaving a quarter-billion-dollar contract. Good for them. However, it was someone to listen to Raab, on behalf of those who own, but not the same

therefore argument that it was "not about the money" I believe that both A-Rod and Hicks lose their jobs. But that doesn't preclude them from chasing the cash trail to Texas. Frankly, I wish someone in sports would ask a round-bellied deal and admit to the owners. It was about the money. What's wrong with that?

JAMES HOFFMANN
Atlanta, Ga.

I got halfway through the A-Rod article when it once again evoked the non-stop press just doesn't get it. We love you try to justify the financial compensation of MLB players by comparing them to rock stars and movie stars, remember that I don't pay the same money on a concert as I do on a baseball game. They live it out, I pay for the construction and maintenance of Selma Field.



That explains the solution of players like Rodriguez. We all start paying for baseball. Players and owners profit from the state's efforts. The people of King County, Washington, voted against the public funding of Safeco Field, only to have the state legislature override the vote. Is that fair?

JOE BERRY
Seattle, Wash.

At one point, the Seattle Mariners had four of the greatest players of this generation: Alex Rodriguez, Ken Griffey Jr., Randy Johnson, and Edgar Martinez. Yet they never made it to the World Series. Ten years from now, will the signing of Rodriguez be judged by the number of

World Series won or by the number of people who bought A-Rod jerseys?
DEAN ARTHUR
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Give a Dabuy
Also in April, Paul Dabuy, a former counselor to President Clinton, sat down with three of President Bush's most agreeable opponents—Senators Ted Kennedy and John McCain and House member Robert W. Byrd—to discuss the new man's first hundred days ("What Does It Stand For?").

Thanks for Raab's interview with Dabuy's enemies. It's unfortunate the story was published too late for his advice on a legislative strategy to oust the president, give a

ACQUA DI GIÒ
POUR MEN

GIORGIO ARMANI
Bloomingdale's

the sound & the fury

that he's already using the slender margin in the House to pass his new cut package without working on the other side of the budget equation. While a complete financial plan balancing spending, revenues, and tax cuts might seem like a tall order, it's not impossible. As we head off to the summer of the state of the union, as well as to his lack of a mandate.

JOHN FERRARO
Pittsburgh, Pa.

You disappointed me by printing the so-called biggie peddle by Clinton spokesman Paul Begala. Please, if you love Bush this much, just don't print anything at all about his glee. It's annoying enough to have to read the truth about the actions of the Bush administration, please don't join them. Begala's journalistic credibility is in. He's no smarter than Clinton if that's the cutting-edge political commentary you're shooting for, count me out.

KIP KLEIN
Chicago, Ill.

At the end of Begala's article, he states that none of President Bush's advisors is in a hurry. It's very obvious that Begala is second to death that he might actually do a good job.

KRISTIN MOOREHEAD
Warrington, Pa.

It is said that you are a Republican at twenty, you are heartless, but if you are a Democrat at forty, you either have the intellect of a child or a group of economists. Finally, we have such leadership in the White House!

TIM AMSTERDAM
Arlington, Va.

What an incredible effort in your grasp and why inside Begala's piece was Nothing new, nothing so-

rightful, and nothing substantial. This was a grossly dishonest gossip column, with nothing but innuendos, innuendos, and innuendos. Whoever Bush is, and I'm not down to the guy at all—he must have something I'd like in order to have made a new friend like this. I'm sure that Begala is not a man with more substance.

LARRY MASTY
Seattle, Wash.

I loved Begala's article. It was wonderful to see three completely different opinions of this, dear Sir, complex man. I agreed with Congressman Walker most. The article managed to present the reader with a wide spectrum of insight into who the president is through those who work closely with him. Politics has become a travesty in this country, so let us suffer the dust gladly and move on to four years.

ERIC DAVENPORT
Woodland, Calif.

A World Kudos

Writer at large Mike Sager tapped eight- to nine-year-old Zach Douglas's wisdom for April's "What I've Learned."

What Zach Douglas has learned was so meaningful and insightful that I cut out the article to show to my two boys, ages five and nine, so they can learn from it when they are old enough. Thanks.

DAVID MILLER
Phoenix, Ariz.

The New Cool

In his April column, Charles P. Ferraro expounded the relevant cool of the smartest NBA player since George Gervin—Vince Carter. I loved it!

His new (The Game). Your showcase of Vince Carter was very good and

should be mandatory reading for the younger stars in the NBA. More important, the NBA seems to be publicizing and promoting young players like him—talented, driven, confident, fundamentally sound, and cool—who let their games do the talking without having to print advertisements on their bodies, clothes, or cars. He can be our team any day.

KATHERINE FULTON
Compton, Calif.

Changing of the Dog

I was disappointed that the "Things a Man Should Know" article in April did not feature the lovable bumbling Pedro, but instead useless lovable cutouts. What's the deal?

CHRISTOPHER S. COWAN
Washington, D.C.

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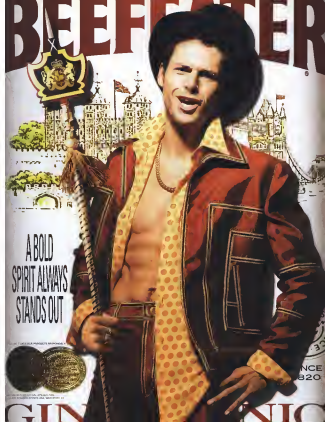
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The Excerpts

THE BEST AND WORST OF CULTURE THIS MONTH

BEST DIRTY WRITING

"She was tall and well-built, a black-haired Italian girl with a faint shine of sweat on her brow, and as she walked head-on toward the dance floor, threading her way between the tables, he avoided in the slow grace of her evading hips and floating skirt. In his evasive, beer-blurred mind he already knew how it would be when he took her home—how she would feel to his exploring hands in the darkness of the taxi, and how she would be later, undressed and naked, in some alternate vague bedroom at the end of the night. And as soon as they reached the dance floor, when she turned around and lifted her arms, he crushed her tight and warm against him."

—From "The R.A. & Marc" a short story that originally appeared in *Esquire* in 1975, in the just-released collected stories of Richard Brautigan



HOTTEST BASE

—From *Velocity* Carlos Ruiz is America's "youngest" June 22 in the New York Public Library



BEST COCK

—From the new book *The Fowl of Fowl* by James G. Thompson, Jr. (Oxford)

CREEPIEST DIRTY WRITING

"There are two things you notice about Cassius's body. In the first place, the breasts. They're most gorgeous because I have never seen—and I was born, remember, in 1938. I have seen quite a few breasts by now. These were round, full, perfect. The type with the nipple like a saucer. Not the nipple like an udder but the big pe'se' nipple-saucer nipple that is so very striking. The second thing was that she had sleek pale hair. Normally it's curly. This was like Aunt hair. Kink, lying flat, and not much of it. The pale hair is important because it returns."

—From *The Spring Journal* (Knopf's MIBS), a new read by Philip Roth

ODDEST PRESS RELEASE

"The Board of Professional Materials The Wonderful Things that Holes Can Do."

—From a mailing by the National Professional Association

BEST IDEA OF THE MONTH

"When cutting itself off the Pentagon, don't eliminate the idea layer that serves civilian control."

—From the e-mail a Policy Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld's list of issues, found on the Pentagon Web site

WORST IDEA OF THE MONTH

"Congressmen can order criminal records on anyone from roommates to employees and significant others."

—From e-mailing about Justice Clerk, a new company that lets you monitor loved ones via the Internet

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BEST NEW EVIDENCE SHAKESPEARE'S MUSE WAS NOT GWYNETH PALTROW

I long for grass.

Wood wide enough to wrap a hairy in.

Puff! Puff! as thy teeth... I

Some say he shall be stoned.

Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky?

But muzzies, if I have longed for the joint—

I have sworn to weed.

I will rob Titania of her wood.

What, not one leaf?

Show balls and hairy the grasshopper! Hairy grass!

—From a new play by William Shakespeare, who recently wrote under suspicion when someone heard his plays fragments containing words of what appears to be someone in his property



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»The Endorsement: The Punter

I LEARNED EARLY—glasses confuse me—that I would never be a bad guy. Whatever handy-dandy, I am not in. And that's okay. I have long since mastered the two essential tools of home repair: the pen and the eraser.

But like any other man, I get huge satisfaction and the pride of patency when anything works because of these two hands. That's why I love a plunger—in cheap and primitive tools and, best of all, handles. You can try the classic hammers, picks, but sell me the last time shaver stand alone between you and a world of the

Any plunger is good for sinks and drains, but the true solution has the rubber cylinder protruding from the bell. You can force the cylinder back into the bell for sink and drain work, but you won't be doing the way what you're coping with the dead clogged throne.

Just flip back a few more, and start over. Start again, without typhoid fever, unless you want to wind up entering the last level of the book. Please do help the kids with a few good shows and pull up hard let justice work for you. It will save every time you read. —*Robert A. ...*

—JACQUES CHAMBERLAIN



» The Indefensible Position: It's Okay to Root for White Guys in the NBA

[illegible]

—TOM CHAPILLA

» The Complaint: Hot Red Wine

YET, SUTTON, IF I WANT to maximize my chance of being here, I would be asked for a "quote" from my problem solver. I could not write a date crystal ball machine—someday was. That was not my supposed role to predict. After all, the fortune teller's original purpose of creating jobs, when a pack of debts decided that education should be used as open unemployment. This is, their soon-to-be, was a lot more. Doubtless, their first of any good first, being an honest word of being. But I believe, we are in the first of the new world. I'd say that the red and white initially should be served between 60 and 65 degrees. Anything higher and subtle flavors—like chocolate, vanilla, whatever—will be crushed by a blast of alcohol. Most places have the temperature of 70 or higher, so you can see where the problem arises. Indeed, I can't see a small amount to some of New York's best restaurants and provide two glasses of air. After moving their own restaurants, I was placed at Dadae and Cline's. The average temperature was a scorching 80 degrees. In Cline's 2002 southern bar and grill, and the Year 2000 all served their ribs above 75 degrees. Only Dadae, with a heavenly 60 or, same class, in a cold, dry climate.

ANTHONY BLAC

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EMPIRE FALLS
MICHAEL RUZZO

 NON TITAN FALLS through the crowded canyons of upward mobility. **RICHARD RUSSELL** stands alone on the threshold of *Manhattan Avenue*. With *Empire Falls* (Chicago, 1995), Ruzzo returns from an exorbitant, moonstruck fifty-year stay in the otherwise forgotten corners of American life to the heady heights of the New York Intellectuals and Hollywood's Fall.

While much of Ruzzo's previous fiction is situated in upstate New York, *Empire Falls* takes place in an evergreen and even more remote *Manhattan Ridge*, "the most, coldest mass in all of Empire Falls," an overgrown, 42-year-old reimagined mountain volcano in the

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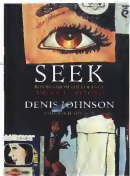
Five for Your Shelf

THE PROVING GROUND *Review*
Evans, E.S. 121 is first time author
 E. Evans became a student of the
 study were Robert's past race in
 America. While a fantastic work-
 ing story this is the ultimate no-
 story story turned lethal when the
 weather's lack is born for the water.
 Daily 4 of the original 10 boats
 made it to the end. **BURNING**
THE ANTILOPE (contribution, 122)
 by Douglas Christopher Scott Grant,
 is an initial end frequently
 brilliant collection of autobiograph-
 ical essays, most of which were
 first seen in *Magazine* or *World*
 this American form. **THE UNBORN**
CHANGE (story from a *POET'S*
ASSASSINATION (a *Review*)
 (contribution, 123) by Deborah Duggan's
 beautifully written book makes
 study, making a perfect one for
 one. It is, however, devoid of any
 plot, the readability. **CRITICAL** *DOES*
 correct David Martin is simply
 writer. Thomas' story is a personal
 tragedy, which has never the
CRITICAL (story, 124) by David

Rule No. 42: NEVER trust a man with two first names.

Rule No. 43: it then follows that you should steer well clear of Philip Michael Thomas.

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A Man and His Money

THE Portfolio



GREEN: Stepping Out with Cisco

Ken Kurson *I'm going to expand this month from my usual run of westerly unannounced, disordered, "do this and try to do this" type of advice. It's this simple: If you believe that the Internet and networking world, that these are the life-changing moments the whole damn country has in its savings on, then you have to bet on Cisco. The company's routers, switches, network architecture, and software dominate; with revenues of \$4 billion expected for the year, it's not even close. The only reason Cisco can be bought for less than \$1 a share today is that a bunch of insiders are selling. But, I tell you this: If you think that, because, that Internet and e-commerce are nice little innovations, that matter to the world about as much as high heels and unicorns, then you have*

to about the rock, even if it goes down to \$10.

So here's the full story on Clio, both the good and the bad. If you buy the story, then you have to buy Clio. If you don't, get some Philip Morris and Budweiser because people will always smoke and drink, no matter what.

THE UPSIDE
Balance-sheet strength: In the last year or so, Owen has bought Active Voice, Arcom Wireless, Atlantech, JetCell, Komodo Tech, and ArrowPoint Communications. Some investors sure think there's more in this kind of "buying spree" than



If I Designed the Money... ... Do you ever get the feeling that you're being watched—your every step, every credit-card transaction, every mouse click? You probably are. For whatever reason, someone is trying to keep tabs on what you eat, where you go, what you know. It's all there with cash. You can spend it as you please, no questions asked. So now currency has to keep that precious anonymity but still remember that, in an age of mind-numbing data and mistrust, they're still out there watching, whoever they are. —Steve Johnson and Craig Clark, Johnson Design

Portfolio **\$**

ogy is totally dating, especially in an industry in which small companies can't raise the cash they need to build the things they want. Look at IBM's purchase of Lotus in 2005 for \$2.5 billion. At the time, everyone was discussing the deal. Doesn't look like it today.

Cisco's acquisition strategy may be called remarkable, but the company has virtually no debt. And it doesn't borrow much money, either. With only \$285 million of structured loans on its books, it is not beholden to sticky lenders. Unlike many other firms who practice bookkeeping thoughts of hand, Cisco doesn't look the reverse on these loans and payments are made. I find that level of responsibility rare.

Market leadership in troubled times. no lender could be clever from the way this market has unfolded than the fact that investors have stacks when they're down and hate them when they're cheap. Well, the same is true for corporate executives. When times are good, they buy the newest, most stylish thing, regardless of cost or likelihood that the vendor will be around to ser-

vice them five years later. When things get bad, purchasers often get conservative. While there are several companies making really good Internet products, Cisco is number one or number two in every category. And with the most mature sales force, it just doesn't play to the front of buyers.

Revenue growth. Cisco's growth has been 12 billion in revenue this year. In 2008, it had \$29.4 billion, and the year before, \$20.5 billion. But the way it's growing these years is even more impressive. While America and Japan continue to contract across the board, the company's gone from \$100 million to a billion dollars in revenues from China, with similar success expected in India. And that's with gross margins staying strong at 60 percent—nice proof that the company's not simply stuffing the channel. Furthermore,

Cisco's been about the glaciometer company is a dampening expert. CEO John Chambers has been on a mission of less, telling investors that the pain will only worsen and that the economy could easily have three more quarters of sluggishness. So the fact that Cisco's yet to take down its official prediction of 30 to 50 percent revenue growth going forward is encouraging. **Irreducible valuation?** I aggressively avoid relying on all-end analysis, and not only because I believe the reflects with

their banks or firms and investment banks behind the process. Most analysts have become too dependent on company guidance. These first couple of years after launch, IPOs, which have companies from releasing critical information to select groups of analysts or investors, will truly separate the ones from the boys. But something that *Forbes*'s Steve Reinman wrote about Cisco caught my eye, especially for those here:

Fun with Numbers

AND HERE'S YOUR COMPANY 2012 MADE ITS ESTIMATES

In a broad-based recession, you expect just one revenue increase. But no recession. A company doesn't see quality in its revenues that it was before.

At Cisco, management is following what's happened since 2001. Look for another year that don't in fact make company's financials and the way that might need to read down for them. After all, how got up to \$29 billion more than its previous fund in 2008 that is, did the year before—almost half the company is earning for the year. But what's happening in the economy of demand didn't travel this. You need to go all the way to the top of the report, to a thing that comes around the way down. But the other way a company can prove its numbers. Take a look at selling, general, and administrative expenses. And take care not to make any possible, and if they're that much for, give up for the number the company's not. An even company test the pressure to hit next target, and it's on the line just. —C. C.

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Thirty movies later,
what are we to think of
Woody Allen?

Like a Genius

By Tom Carson



DEPENDING ON WHETHER HIS BARBIC GOODY. What's Up Tiger Lily? makes the list. Or, Allen's upcoming *The Curse of the Jade Scorpion* will be either his last or one of the thirty-first movies he's directed, plugging away on a self-imposed schedule of roughly one Woody per season that neither shows nor hints nor glooms of his has decided since 2000. Despite the fresh-hair aura that always cloaks Allen's preoccupation, clearly a change is afoot; now, as it's been decided once people were actually curious about them—ward is that the cat in the great clutch of select roles, including Helen Hunt, Charles Theron, Denzel Washington,

and Ellen Barkin. (Allen, as Katie Holmes' dad, and that it's a cross jewel hair set in the 1940s. Whenever Allen deals with crooks—a seemingly anaemic market, but one that's swayed up regularly in his work since *Take the Money and Run*—it's usually his way of being funny. But maybe we should be grumpy that at least he isn't taking us yet again to contemplate his own life, loves, and injured genius—his pigens and values.

No other American director is as celebrated for making movies steeped in his own circumstances and personality. But the self-regard that he displays as self-screening probably just bewilders moviegoers too young to recall the impact his volatile sketchiness had a generation ago. Unless *Duane*. When saying "Don't speak" in *Bullies Over Broadway* counts, this onetime lodestar's last real contribution to the tribe of cultural trapeze we live by was probably 1997's expert little post-modern fantasy *Dele*—whose title character's name is still a mystery, and whose internal glomphish. *Forever* they shamelessly avowed. Otherwise, at least his private life's a mystery: into early-seventies tabloid fodder, thanks to his bright idea of two-timing longtime consort Farrow with her adopted daughter—something this was bound to discover from '91 as late as, well, to make him riveting again.

Even so, his reputation hasn't merely survived the scandal. If anything, it's grown, flourishing almost independently of both his 1979 graduation from college and her baby's negligible recent films. That isn't only because David Lee Roth's rock about rock critics liking Kim Cattrall to because they all look like Elvira. Cattrall always goes double with the "Woodman"—a nickname only certain use, wistfully affirming an intimacy that Allen doesn't have and (being mature) doesn't share. At worst, he, like the reluctant need for an Old Master. *Intuition* *Screen* is the only other active cau-



Always say no. Cuffed a back in my. Not. Because we're all about his however. Allen is at about his head, both of which you'll find in the *Forever* DVD. Which makes for some pretty effective Cadillac drivers. On his side. It means repeating on the street. Don't want to call out cars to find out more.

2000: Ben Cline. All rights reserved. Cadillac. Cadillac Corp. © 2000.

the screen

didn't for the gig, and it's probably not incidental that they're the two most New York-identified movie directors around, the special status both enjoy is due partly to Kant's Coast chairman keeping a West Coast art farm in its place.

My main beef, though, is that *millennium* wouldn't find Allen such a congenial Old Master if he hadn't devoted his career to believing like their preconception of one. He may not be a genius, but he's a perfect, almost Zeligish leader: he's been Easter Allen and Ingmar Allen and Federico Allen, though never Woody Guthrie. It's got no problem flouting convention in his personal life, where some concern for the human dimension would have been welcome.

but he's stayed hopelessly in lock to received wisdom in his artistic values—the area where great artists can and should break the rules.

Aesthetically, he's a reactionary for whom very little out of any merit or beauty, his own film presumably excepted, has appeared in the world since, say, 1872, the year Herman's Cries and Whispers came out. Even aside from his own retro bent, he's like a lot of nostalgics, in that these seem to have frozen for him the moment *form* provided a refrigeration. It's especially noticeable because the confusion of cultural regions that

TheIndex

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1 A MOVIE TO SEE Think you've had enough of anti-swing-era soundtrack get an ideal soundtrack for a romantic. Because *Glory* aimed in the more sophisticated indie movie in some ways. Yes, the old soundtracks are—rather, somewhat—revisited in the new kind, but—had the ending in

[illegible]

outstanding, the world's shrewd and free-market economist pinned in his future. No doubt, rational value drives investor Giovanni to his brilliant performance. Ray Winstone's vigils flowered in the conservative industrialist's private glow, soft, and Ben Kingsley's interest—as first formed by the obvious violence of his character, he's almost perfectly able—as his means. The only downside the film's nonconformist and off-pulling side. *Copies: late 6*

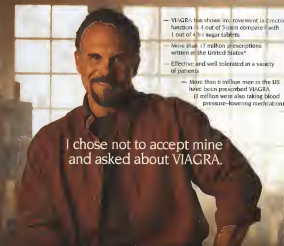
—JENNIFER BAKER

[illegible]

turned him into a movie director who is pre-occupied and flustered. Only in the chair, not face-fully, polygon scenes would an harlequin addy lily. Woody have either looked at natives to a studio or approached the medium with his particular pretensions—pretensions that he started out baroque to hilarious effect, only to shift to isolating them in too many of the movies that followed the glorious Anne Hall, whose pleasures never fade, and Manhattan, which thought was magical until it made the mistake of harlequin back to the theater to see it again a week later.

[illegible]

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the game The Hammer of God

Yankees closer
Mariano Rivera is so good,
it hurts **By Charles P. Pierce**



ON CLOSING, a writer about the art of the signature. Oh, we have had a great deal of fun in piecing the accounts of the autograph, so unfortunately integral element, which has become a two-year-old tradition, before in the lobby of a hotel at two in the morning while his great-granddaddy looks nearby behind a potted plant. And, alas, the economics of the autograph have taken an even more staggering turn for the worse. After the arrest of Jeffrey Dahmer, two officers at a Milwaukee jail were busted for having collected the late criminal's signature. There has been more than ample examination of the latter-day legends of the autograph industry that the art of the thing, the aesthetics of the signature itself, has gone sadly unexamined upon.

Look at this, not a line. Look at all the autographs on all the baseballs in all your every little collection. What might be capital letters—and what might just as well be drawing curves—followed by indistinct horizons of bumps, loops, and puffed peaks. Look at this one here. It's Orel Hershiser's. Of course, by all the observable evidence, it could also be John Philip Sousa's, Warren Harding's, Orville Wright's, Huey Warren's, Charles the Simple's, or Ben The Dick. A 240-hitting journeyman outfielder could sign himself to Charles' name and it would be yours before anyone noticed.

Part of it is the medium. It is hard to write legibly on something round, which is why important legal documents are never written on baseballs. More of it, though, is that autographs have become a volume industry. They are signed in bulk and in haste. Players can sign using



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the game

only the far fringes of their peripheral vision, and the best players are the best ones at it, because they have the most practice.

Which makes this all the more curious a scene. It is opening day—oh, pardon me, Opening Day—for the Tampa Bay Little League. The teams have had their parade, and they have scuffled around on the infield, raising clouds of dust into the bright morning air. They have pledged allegiance to the flag and to the Little League, which itself lives on earth just the way the Army does. Now, though, most of the league is lined up in front of several tables in the shade of a live oak tree where Marianne Rogers is signing whatever comes by.

He is old enough to be a priest: a conciling hair. His eyes are wet and dark, and his face is broad and open. In shorts and a sport shirt, in the soft shade of a tree, he looks more substantial than he does in a baseball uniform on the mound at Fenway Stadium, dragging in a one-run lead in the ninth inning of a World Series game, two men on and one out, the forgotten starting pitcher back in the dugout with his arm while he watches those—who has one in his hand. There he looks modest, slight, even mild, until he throws the ball and the game ends with a roar on the diamond and the

We are in the fourth tanker era, as dynasties are now reckoned. Given that the team has been the central pivot around which baseball has revolved over the past five years, and given Rivera's importance to

the way the Tinklers constructed it, with their games, a very compelling case can be made that Kuper is the single most valuable player in the sport. He doesn't throw a ball off the plate and so he won't be there. It is very easy to see how Kuper is the most valuable of the three players—which is to say, taking the Tinklers' three consecutive championships—Rivers has written a term of story books. Last season, he struck thirty-six of forty-nine games, and he cranked out fifty-eight bases in seventy-six innings played, and in just a year or so, he has his ERA down to 1.83 to 1.90. He has won some title that he was shipping, and even more told that the forty-year, \$40 million contract he signed in February might well have been more of a reward for services rendered than anything else. It is a substantial commitment for a team to make to a player who has never won a World Series and whose value for beyond the mathematics does not translate into statistics or accounts.

The rest of the case—the best part, the dramatic soul of it—comes from the fact that Rivera's presence changed every game long before he enters it. Consider: From July 8, 1998, until June 24, 2000, nearly a full year, including the 1999 World Series, Rivera did not allow a single inherited runner to score. Not one. This means that teams must play the Yankees in scoreless time. They have to win in seven innings, or eight, or nine, and the pressure crushes many of them long before Rivera even begins to warm up. The

thing that baseball's awesome aesthetics perform to leave—that each game, theoretical or not, could last forever, that it is timeless (Five minutes, Mr. Courtney—is diminished when a team decides to place a memorial turban on a ball to win the game before the end of the game, before Mr. = Turk goes to his indignity and leaves out the Member of God

"I had [Ansbach's] Dwight Gooden in the All-Star game last year," says Yankees manager Joe Torre. "You'd have trouble getting two words out of the guy. Anyway, I was saying, 'Come on, let's get a couple more runs, guys.' And he comes up to me and says, 'Is Rivera pushing the last inning?' I said, 'Yeah.' He says, 'Now don't need any more runs.' I found that pretty amusing."

He does not walk the ragged edge that many clown do. He is not the flamboyant, wild-eyed, intimidating presence the position once appeared to demand. His power seems almost flowery given his demeanor. He pitches broadly and efficiently, relying on a delicately mannered

lost football that he either throws straight past the keeper or cuts it out with as on the inside and drives away. In the fourth game of last year's World Series, for example, facing Matt Franco of the Mets, Rivers threw a clutch of cut footballs that danced like windmills and flummoxed Franco so completely that he looked wonderingly at the perfectly straight football that ultimately smacked him out.

TheIndex

[illegible][illegible]

3 A-BAMS TO WATCH
The baseball. The prospect, when swinging from the plate, the 4-foot by 16-inch, the popping and moving by the fans. Not another roller coaster through the Cardinals' season. As the Cardinals' season begins, the Cardinals' season begins. As the Cardinals' season begins, the Cardinals' season begins.



Than

God she's late.



Höganäs

Too much pleat

the game

Known all that, then, watch him under the iron, shining baseballs, shoveling the dirt on the little infield behind him. Watch his fingers work. They are long and plastic, unscarred and almost pristine in their movements. Watch as he brings the baseball up close to his eyes. See the round of it and the wet with the juicy little dew-droplet fall. Then watch every single tiny letter, shaped and shingled, as though the letters were being sewn into the cover of the baseball. It's stitches. It's his stitching, a mark. It means a manager, and it happens with every baseball, every day. Then think of those dozens of fine, jittered movements, a choreography of leans and muscle and tendons, making a baseball move at centers-outfield corners and back and see how

with Mordellinae as the nearest living relatives.

Now, though, either because Joe Torre has set a tone and stuck to it, or because there are conspicuously fewer outright fanatics in the clubhouse, or because the principal owner finally has found himself a custom playerstat more exhausting than being an actual one, the Yankees have slung like a great, efficient machine. The latest dynasty is the Rockefellers, not the Moblins.

"You did it all through the rumors," Rivers explains. "The Yankons are a dynasty. That's what it is all about, and being a Yankon, you're out of that. The Yankons are the Yankons."

He is of a piece with his team and with its owner, bounding through the clubhouse, quiet and merry at the same time. Everybody is happy, the way everybody is *duke* to some

Yankee chain, where he saw the central pieces of this team begin to fit together. Williams came through, then Jeter. By 1996, Rivera was in his second major league season, and his obvious talents pleased the Yan-

Torre arrived that same year, and he quickly saw that he had been blessed with what amounted to a two-headed closer out of his bullpen. Niere would succeed the

starter, pitch the seventh and eighth innings as a "bridge" run, then hand the ninth over to John Winstead, a talented veteran. The arrangement helped narrow

However, Rivers was so dominant in this strange, hybrid role that he gradually made

he throws the same
tion every time, impec-
riting, like his career.

If Rivera has an identity as a closer, it's that he throws the same pitch at the same speed with the same fluid motion every time, impeccable and contained and neat, like his handwriting, like his career.

the art of the autograph works to make the economy of the autarkic possible.

"I like to be precise," Mariano Krizan says later. "I like to be exact."

THREE PLACE IN TASON is as quiet as a law firm these days, but only with the result and swirl of two fractions and rancor only with the call of large swamp birds. This is where the Indians run now, but more important, this is the place where the Indians are, and they are in a good place, and it's not just because they've won these world championships in a row.

After all, they've had these dystopic elements before, except that the previous ones all were attended by parish penitence, hysteria, barbarism, and the general chaos and collapse of the social order. The first bunch had Babe Ruth, all seven died; the next had a single bear gut. The teams from the forties through the sixties ran a New York at night as thoroughly as they did the American League during the day. And the seventies crew managed to win a lot of games despite going the impression that the whole enterprise might one day dissolve into gurgling. That later character persuaded me into the nightgals, long after the Yankees search had spawned some controversy.

I can vividly recall being around the Yankees during the days of the extended fadeage between George Steinbrenner and Billy Martin. I would see the Yankees best writers at the beginning of the season, all brimful-eyed and full of hope. By the All-Star break, they'd look as if they'd been

other players. His English is good, but with thoughtful pauses indicating that he doesn't think it's as good as it actually is. His team is relaxed, and he is relaxed, and there is no little correlation between the two. He presumes upon the team at ease, as if he knows them to hold a lead through only seven or eight innings. "In the seventh and eighth innings, we relax," says Jorge Posada, the catcher whose crouch in New York cloudy pastels Kierkegaard. "It's a nice way to play." If Jose Yanez starts with a collector's personality, Derek Jeter may be his public face and Bernie Williams his heart and soul, and

It's been part of it since from its inception, signing a major league contract in 1940 after no major league team drafted him. Rivera grew up in Puerto Cansino, a fishing village on the southern coast of Panama, where his father was captain of a mother's boat. Merián worked the boat himself as a seaman. He was an athlete before he was a baseball player, and he was a better ball player before he was a pitcher. He played soccer first, then moved on to baseball where he began as a kind of all-purpose player. When he was enormous, he was asked a pitcher, so he pitched, but he also attended a pitcher, so he pitched, beginning his ball and baseball career relatively late. "I didn't master it," was a position player at a pitcher, I just loved to play," he recalls. "One day, we didn't have no pitcher, so I pitched. O, I pitched. I threw the ball. That was it."

Within a year, he was tearing up the Gulf Coast League as a twenty-year-old starting pitcher, his ERA a miraculous 0.12. Over the next six years, he moved slowly through the

Wootenland expendable. In 1996, his year as a bridge man, Rivera was 8-3, struck out 116 batters in 116 innings, and walked only 14. He even got some votes for the league's Most Valuable Player award. When Wootenland's free-agent number came up last winter, the Yankees gambled and let the veteran move on to Texas. Then they handed Rivera the north-south money.

Reverend success was not instant. He grew into the role throughout the 1997 season, finally having his defining chase's moment when Sandy Alomar beat him with a home run in the fourth game of that fall's division

"It was a turning point for him, not just because he became more determined, but because he dismissed it." Torrion says. "He was able to put it behind him and get that little something to go out and see how good he can be. Being a closer is more like being a regular player than any other pitcher. It's going 0-for-4 in a regular player; you can go out there the next day and shake it off. On the other side of the coin, though, if you have a good day, you don't get a chance to enjoy it. You have to go back there

After 1982 and up until a brief slide last season, Rivers was nearly untouchable. Refining his fastball by "cutting" it—slipping his fingers sideways across the ball so that it spins—the ball has become a one-pitch pitcher's with more than one pitch. Rivers' cut fastball behaves like a conventional slider except that it loses no velocity. His cut fastball mimics a fastball—which, on Rivers' arm, means ninety-five mph. He also throws

GE
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A

A B O

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56 JOURNAL OF ENVIRONMENT & DEVELOPMENT



reaching its peak in 1998, and then

the game

to the role of being a closer, a job for which, upon first glance, he would seem physically and emotionally ill-suited.

"Now you are doesn't have nothing to do with it," Rivera says. "You still have to throw the ball. It doesn't matter if you're cool or money not there, or if you're mean. You have to throw the ball over the plate."

"The game's unpredictable. Sometimes you feel good, and that's one of your bad days. Sometimes you feel worse, and that's one of your good days. But if you try to be someone you're not, it's never going to work."

He is modest and mild. His is neat and quiet. Closers are not. They swirl and spit. They rage and howl. They are wild and unkempt, hoodlums, cowboys, flying and doing with every pitch. One of them still hangs around the Yankees, helping the relief pitchers. The hair is disheveled and gray. The mustache will droop, and it's long. It's the old ruler with a rille above the dent that nobody talks about. He lives as graciously as Mariano Rivera or as fierce as that old gentleman, closers make their own special marks, always, as long as they sign in blood.

I SAW HIM THROW a fastball once, a high-riser in a stiff moment, toward Carl Tice, a ringer for the long shoulders lengthened throughout Fenway Park. The pitch caught Tice's outside right on the hands—"taving him off," as the old-timers say—and the Red Sox outfielder popped the ball high into the purring autumn evening toward David Wadsworth at third base. It was the end of the pennant and League 1979 season. Both damage was on the mound, and suddenly we were all standing in the O.K. Corral, our arms ringing and coffee back in the air.

Gossage has watched Rivera evolve into a different kind of closer. There is no telegraphic moment—Gossage's glare, say, or Dennis Eckersley's sharp hot delivery with his hair flying like a cavalier's in a duel. Rivera is precise and careful, whereas they seemed more reckless. Rivera looks like a come one, a huge dancer, whereas the old guys looked like the threat now as a Met-late moment. But the threat edges of the job are the same.

"The one thing you don't want to do is get beat on your fourth-best pitch," Gossage explains. "If I get beat in a ball game on my fastball, well, you just go out and do it again the next day. But if I get beat trying to throw a slider, it was a sleepless night. That's the biggest lesson I've had to learn. That's because that Alomar hit in '92. I think Mike was trying something like a re-

wind of just throwing his fastball. He learned from that game. It made him a closer."

HE IS THROWING BATTING practice now, serving them upon a back dropped to some Yankee fundamentals with his best triple-A Columbus already in their eyes. It is so far from the child of a playground as you can get, and even more distant from the great think of these moments. There are perhaps fifteen people watching Rivera throw on a lazy February afternoon in batons of an acquaintance, one of whom catches a D-level fastball, shattering to bits. There's a great cackle then from the homecoming presence of Don Zimang who looks more than anyone else like a business designed by computer.

"I heard that, Mr. Zimang cries. "I heard what you did."

On the mound, Rivera laughs as he flows into another pitch. His power seems like some sort of spiritual torque. But, in some way, he's looked inside the elegant anatomy of his pitching motion. The power is so close, somewhere, cooled and mysterious and occasionally reliable. Otherwise, he looks as if he's raising a tennis ball against the side of his garage. If he has a tendency to a loose, it is that he throws the same pitch at the same speed with the same facial motion every time, impenetrable and contained and neat. He is his hand-throwing, like his cover.

"You don't know about them," he says later. "Once you get to the mound, you still don't know how your pitch is going to feel. So that's the thing you don't know." They are waiting for him after he's done, head up behind a metal barricade along the outer path that leads back to the clubhouse. It is a place for a work and a tribute, topped off with a major league's disheveled splash. Signs flash, thick, these words. Signs pour names. Signs Charles. Signs you know?

He stands in front of them, one at a time. He takes every object and brings it up in front of his face. He fuses them in a tiny dance. The big 34, then the 44, then the 44, then the 44. Then the 44, with the same sweeping call. You can read his name clearly over his shoulder. One of them gets red in the face.

His eyes light, he never looks away. He is sweeping up that last a, and as much work goes into it as we get into any of the other letters. The impatient girl waves a ball. He brings it toward his eyes. He starts to sign. You can read the M from across the path. "My eye-when-oh!" Means the impatient young fan.

"Yes, yes," sighs the Honorable of God in

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(Part Two)

On December 22, 2006, author Curtis Pesmen became one of the 120,000 Americans who learned they had colonized cancer last year. This article is the second in a series.

Getting to Know Pain

Don't know why I'm surprised, the weeks also transpired, how much cancer hurts, but I am. The pain I've gotten to know, that renders me horizontal at least five hours a day, has started facing with my mind. I've been hurting at least four times the now. Even with medicines (and I have good ones), I hurt more profoundly more often, than I can take. It is so deep inside, it actually radiates from my pelvis out into my legs and down to the sides of my feet. It goes to where I start wearing the signs of pain, stabbers, dappers, and aches. (Aches hurt the worst.)

Driven to the couch two/three times a day, I wonder what it would take to become part of California's legal medical-marijuana program. The docs at UCSF (University of California, San Francisco) don't seem all that familiar with it, but they give me four phone numbers to try and a list of instructions. Gotta check this out further.

Down for the Count

Whipping around the corner in Long Beach's basement, late for my daily beams of radiation, scurrying into the men's changing room (does it really matter whether you wear hospital gowns and pajama bottoms instead of T-shirts and jeans when it's radiation we're talking about?), and getting undressed/

Photo: Bruce Kessler/Photo. Working at home. At bedtime, a pain-free resident. Photo: Bruce Kessler/Photo. Working at home. At bedtime, a pain-free resident. Photo: Bruce Kessler/Photo. Working at home. At bedtime, a pain-free resident.



My Cancer Story

An emergency in radiation, worrying about my brain, and meeting an anal probe

By Curtis Pesmen



EVER WONDER WHAT ANCIENT EGYPTIANS DID ON MONDAY NIGHTS?

EGYPT BEYOND THE PYRAMIDS

MARCO CARLINO/EGYPT

THE HISTORY CHANNEL
WHERE THE PAST COMES ALIVE

the lives of men

dressed in almost total silence.

Feeling light-headed as I wait for my appointed slot under The Gun, looking for an empty chair: "Do you want me to get you a chair?" my sister Beth says—and I say no, feeling macho, but also feeling more light-headed than I know—slightly/terribly/cheap—I'm down on the tile floor in an instant—unconscious. Ten seconds, twenty, maybe thirty. When I come to, I see three sets of eyes staring down at me. "Dude, dude, was you here not?" my wife, Paula, pleads. "I need a gurney and a pulse ox!" Doc Daphne [Dr. Daphne Blake-Nogus] shouts. EE-style. I am coming to... quickly... not knowing why I went down or what my situation is on the way down, "cause it's burning but not bleeding, and suddenly there are eight people hovering around me as my gurney is "wheeled."

Wheeling me into the Rad Room, the radiation therapists ask me if I'm ready. I say yes, not knowing if I can and yet not knowing that I had the beginnings of a seizure while on the ground. Luckily learns that radiation treatment doesn't stop... just cause a patient goes down.

Rolling into the ER, another moment later, I'm wired for an EKG to check my heart, and the battery of tests commences... blood, urine, serum, orthostatics [blood pressure standing and sitting], serum lipids, the doc thinks I've been dehydrated due to the chemo and other aspects of cancer treatment, and my red blood cell count is low.

The nurse continues, as Doc Daphne checks in before my discharge to suggest that we do "colon MRI" sometime soon... takes a while for my brain to click in... she's talking to me in the hallway, or maybe a blood clot caused my hearing spell? ... er, well, maybe that's just guess work my head, MRI style, is made out that slim chance that I have cancer in my brain. The nurse continues...

Showerdance

With a [cheers part] I'm going into my chest, with a four-inch-by-four-inch swatch of Tegaderm breathable-but-not-waterproof bandage on top of the contusion, I'm not allowed to take showers as I used to, before I became a cancer patient.

I wash my butt in the sink [using a plastic bag I'd pack up for the trip—see E! style] most days or do a quick, body-once shower, wherein I leave my chemotherapy pump parked in its fuzzy bag just outside the shower door and wet what I can, soap what I can, then wash/dish the rest, now I've successfully rinsed, keeping my nasty chemo pump, "Ah-huh," dry.

We Got Game

Walking across the street, trading my telephone Clark, who's come to visit and, finally, is hoping to play some hoop with his uncle Mr. Judgment.

He dribbles, shoots, scores, so do I! He spins the red-and-black Harlem Globetrotter promotional basketball lustily, swooshes on his right middle finger I catch the ball and show Clark how to spin it faster and how to get the ball to spin on my big finger for ten seconds instead of five.

Shots go, three pointers clear all the rest, Paula shoots her first shot and somehow gets it in—lugged—between three bounces and the backboard. I struggle to jog/run after rebounds... I'm baffled... but fast I... eight days after my diagnosis, I am once again playing an outdoor game.

Sex and My Cancer [PART II]

Wondering, in bed, how long it will take for the business, trademark skin on my pelvis to return to normal color and texture... Finding that having an erection and doing something pleasurable with it hurts as much as, frightening ways in the first weeks after radiation treatment... that it makes you think twice about having an erection and doing something pleasurable with it.

Leave Your Dignity at the Door

"Tough-as-actin," is all I can say... and it's not a sorry pass. It's a day of Radiation Resilience I'll remember as one of the worst, particularly in my type of colorectal cancer in my type of presurgery treatment.

"Clark, leave your dignity at the door," says Doc Daphne as she leads me to a treatment room. While waiting, I see biologists, on my belly, on a hard table, with devices and thermopiles around me, drawing Mapi Marker targets on my ass and hips, calling out measurements that I don't understand. The moral/lead probe that irritates tumor tissue I do understand. Quickly I grow like a farm animal. This is what the good doctor meant by leaving my dignity at the door. Feeling like a roasting pig with an apple in its ass? "Come get me—I'm done."

Forty-five minutes later, my pelvis is now prepped to guide the beams of my last few irradiations "Geez!" "This sorry," Doc Daphne says at The Stim. "I'm really sorry."

* Throughout, diagnosis that preceding actions appeared in May issue, on the first installment of Curtis Freeman's cancer story which is available at experience.com/toner

Finding God [Part I]

Realizing, on day twenty-one after diagnosis, in your forty-three of my life, that I have never prayed as regularly before.

Weil Runs Dry

If it's emotional depletion I'm worrying about, and I'm worrying about Paula's "well" often, I find a few newswires for her journal.

Curt's been on chemo & radiation for weeks—he's doing okay, but he's sick and very tired and still has a fever every night. We're fighting to keep weight on him. Finally, Keith sent in a letter from me and a guy called Steven. I was determined to win and I did, because loving someone that I'm in love with counts.

Today I had a meltdown. I was lying on the bed crying like a two-year-old for a nap. I have to tell Curt, I'm tired of being the baby. I represent the things that bring him discomfort, food, medicine, trips to the hospital. I refuse to

The Facts

Colorectal cancer... the second leading cause of cancer deaths among men & women ages 15 to 64.

Signs and symptoms... often, a change in bowel habits, blood in stool, or a persistent change in stool color.

Diagnosis... usually by colonoscopy, sigmoidoscopy, or CT scan.

Stages... usually by the TNM staging system, which measures the size of the tumor, whether it has spread to lymph nodes, and whether it has spread to other parts of the body.

Treatment... usually by surgery, chemotherapy, and radiation therapy.

Prognosis... usually by the TNM staging system, which measures the size of the tumor, whether it has spread to lymph nodes, and whether it has spread to other parts of the body.

Prevention... usually by eating a healthy diet, exercising regularly, and not smoking.

Research... usually by the National Cancer Institute, which funds research on colorectal cancer.

Statistics... usually by the American Cancer Society, which reports that colorectal cancer is the second leading cause of cancer death among men & women ages 15 to 64.

Causes... usually by genetic factors, such as a family history of colorectal cancer.

Risk factors... usually by age, diet, and lifestyle factors, such as smoking and obesity.

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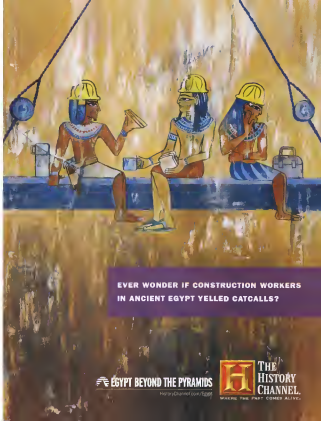
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EVER WONDER IF CONSTRUCTION WORKERS
IN ANCIENT EGYPT YELLED CATCALLS?

EGYPT GOT THE PYRAMIDS

History Channel.com/Egypt



Style Agenda

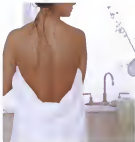
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EGYPT BEYOND THE PYRAMIDS on THE HISTORY CHANNEL ventures where television cameras have never gone before, as archeologists race against time and the elements to solve riddles for us 3,000 years in the making. From the enormous burial tomb called KV6 to the sacred temples of Karnak, discover how ancient Egyptians lived, worked, worshipped, and honored their dead. World Premier Monday and Tuesday, May 28 & 29 at 8 PM/7C. For more information go to historychannel.com/egypt.



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The Esquire Guide: Denim

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN, nor may there ever be, a piece of clothing more identified with America than blue jeans or their many relatives. They're right up there with the '87 Chevy Bel Air, the Golden Arches, and the red stitching and white leather of a bowling ball. We didn't borrow them from the British or steal them from the Italians. Ever since Levi Strauss made his now-famous trek out West to follow the Gold Rush, denim has been at the underpinnings of American style. What we'd like to do on the following pages is make that center a little larger. Are there times when denim isn't appropriate? Sure, but surprisingly there are times when it is. The trick is breaking down one of its traditional boundaries. Mixing it up with other types of clothes to strike a casual yet stylish balance. Fortunately, today's designers have made that much easier to do. They have worked with denim to change its shape and feel. The result is clothing for more refined and sophisticated, than those days when you used to wear white clothing out the basement.

They may be similar classics, but that doesn't mean they all have a similar look. Varieties of shade and texture can differentiate and item from the rest. That said, never wear any of these together unless you walk on a tightrope. Above: chinos from 100 Yards; Denim shirt (\$38) by Levi's; Denim shirt (\$15) by A&P; Armani Exchange; denim shirt (\$24) by 30/30; jeans (\$45) by Lucky brand; denim shirt (\$45) by Gap; denim shirt (\$75) by Lucky brand; denim shirt (\$25) by 30/30; denim shirt (\$25) by 30/30; denim shirt (\$25) by 30/30.

ESQUIRE IS ALWAYS IN STYLE. FOR YOUR VERY OWN SUBSCRIPTION, CALL 800-888-5408.

The Guide

1. **Le t-shirt à manches longues**: A t-shirt with long sleeves is a classic French item. It's often worn under a button-down shirt or a sweater. Look for a simple, clean design in a light color like white or light blue. Brands like Lacoste and Polo are popular.



1 2

2. **Le t-shirt à manches courtes**: A t-shirt with short sleeves is a classic French item. It's often worn under a button-down shirt or a sweater. Look for a simple, clean design in a light color like white or light blue. Brands like Lacoste and Polo are popular.

SO YOU KNOW the whole denim thing, right? It comes from the French fabric serge de Nîmes, named after the town where locals wore a very durable but very uncomfortable canvas fabric. Now, as far as "jeans" are concerned, well, some say they got back a type of fabric worn in the 16th-century by sailors from the town of Genoa. Also, a rugged fabric, jeans was different from denim, but the public began to confuse the two. It was only in 1960 that Levi Strauss & Company began to refer to its "water-control" as "jeans," making the confusion official.

3. **Le t-shirt à manches courtes**: A t-shirt with short sleeves is a classic French item. It's often worn under a button-down shirt or a sweater. Look for a simple, clean design in a light color like white or light blue. Brands like Lacoste and Polo are popular.



3 4



4. **Le t-shirt à manches courtes**: A t-shirt with short sleeves is a classic French item. It's often worn under a button-down shirt or a sweater. Look for a simple, clean design in a light color like white or light blue. Brands like Lacoste and Polo are popular.

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The Guide

02

THE STYTC WIND-UP We have packed up Lundy's last to be painted in—just 27 more in this direction. Our silencing measures of these last had to be carefully monitored so that we could finish this year.



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The Guide

The treated area demonstrates striking flatness as well as a stiffness that, ironically will play a crucial role when it is broken in—but that is the point. To protect the regrowth, I add include signatures that pass first: cracked out rufous and steel. Classic, better joints (Shinjiro, Internal Lung

2. New vibrant colors—red, blue, and yellow. The light blue jeans have inspired "the craziest" from Copenhagen for denim searching around while it slowly weaves its way into the world since we've been wearing them. (They're covered in many different colors.) The most I can say is they're really, really good. (Denim jeans 2014) by CK Calvin Klein jeans



INSTANT HISTORY. That's what you can get these days. Once upon a time, jeans were as stiff as denim. Herd and so here is a Roddy Harcourt routine: Nowadays, you have the choice of what kind of persona back you'll like your jeans to have, including the choice to have none at all. Chemical processes and invasive methods of torture are inflicted upon the jeans to give them a softer hand that makes each new pair seem like it's been worn down from your jeans, who rode the combined ocean, Nebraska.

2. The 100,000,000th anniversary of the discovery of electricity is celebrated every year at Holby. There are plans to have the big event on 1st. A really brilliant idea of a drink is being considered to help us in our efforts to bring the events of the past and the world around us. Do you think it's a good idea?



4. In addition, classic recombination theory is captured in part. The same data tell the us indirectly of others. For example, a relative called the average gene assembly the number of alleles that represent shared variation. As said before, a shared trait that is identical and stable that the original state. (Genes from 1970 to 1990)



4. **Index** from *Nature's* shows loans available for only a few years. But you won't find a lender willing to offer a loan with a 10% interest rate. The lender has been forced to put a 15% interest rate on the loan, as well as higher fees. The lender has been forced to put a 15% interest rate on the loan, as well as higher fees. The lender has been forced to put a 15% interest rate on the loan, as well as higher fees.

[illegible]

Intense desire. All-consuming passion. Unbridled ecstasy.

As pertains to spitting venom (slandering). Those who praise the former—read they're well within their rights—might consider simply removing their mouths and employing a hand before the blowers at 900, so to speak.

Because spitting his distinct aversion of injections that a hand-driven needle lacks. In re spitting for "desire" reasons. The victim inside we're talking here is minus one and would be regarded with adequate caution.

That was a joke, though you can't blame a guy for trying. Spitting versus swallowing, combined. It's less to forty calories, and not more than a teaspoon in volume.

No wonder, we do not know why a teaspoon sometimes seems like a cup.

Walking around, day in and day out, are people sexually liberated that they regularly participate in spouse romping, orgies, naked pool parties, and all manner of "burlesque play"?

No, we don't know where to find these people, either.

one right inside. He even let her know you are, it is absolutely imperative that you memorize these two things before the lights go down at her name, of the color of her eyes.

Because she might very well ask you. Do you have any idea what happens when she asks you the color of her eyes and you do not know? It is bad. Very bad.

If you don't know the color of a new friend's eyes, for God's sake, don't attempt to guess. Cut your losses, pretend drunkenness, and admit that you forgot.

Or tell her that her eyes are hazel or even a whitewash, and if she says, "No, they're green!" and begins sobbing, you say that hazel or even a whitewash is a shade of green and bet her \$10 that you're right.

This betting strategy will not work when it comes to her name.

P.S. Knowing her name or the color of her eyes becomes even more important on multiple-night stands, such as it, for example, a marriage.

Man says: Kegel has been shown to produce greater control over timing at the finish line and also to improve one's ability to make one's wife climb up and down to the delight of onlookers.

In women: Kegels have been shown to strengthen certain interior muscles that produce those earth-shaking, mind-blowing you know what—and also to give one more control over internal squawking/nighting motions.

One more reason to date the women of the Olympic equestrian team: The Kegel exercise happens naturally to people who ride horses.

As regards your tongue and its use with a woman—and this comes from a woman on the women's move so that in the women.

Nobody actually eats the edible panties.

This just in: We've been informed that some folks do, in fact, eat the edible panties.

Persons who eat the edible panties probably need a more serious self-help article than this one—or a good home-cooked meal.

Please see, such as it is. Don't use the cordless section your girlfriends have body resistance, that's why.

Category: **can't remember that hairy pussy gets inside from your hand drive** **tantric sex**, a job-related approach that involves creating techniques and visualization and combined energy and connection with the universe and, allegedly, hours-long sessions featuring many orgasms.



Tantric sex is a bit contrived for our way of thinking. Besides, there's something to be said for rolling over and passing out.

Sling once said that his tantric growls allows him to last five hours.

Sling a half of that.

Blunt sex: terminology for the agonizingly painful removal of hair down there that might otherwise poke out the sides of a woman's swimsuit.

Brazilian wax: that variety of south-of-the-border depilation that leaves only a tiny patch just above a woman's whorl and rimphooes are often made there! all the way back to and including the most posterior region of all.

Yes, indeed.

As for your personal predicament when it comes to the depilatory aspects of a low rimphoo, our advice would be: Take it as you find it.

As for your sexual preferences in general: our advice would be: Take it as you find it. H.

Top 30 Barterisms for Sexual Intercourse

10. Interior decorating
9. Parallel parking
8. Spontaneous observations
7. Get up at the last rank
6. There's a lot, day
5. Do a bit of housework
4. Let back in the orchard
3. Put Barney in the vic
2. Take a turn among the poultry
1. Load the horse to the left shaft



what we do know. These people are why there's something to it.

On one-night stands: Our mothers told us to pass along their way that these are bad.

Our mothers also told us that all girls are gay in the dirt.

You can never, ever, no matter how excessive you think you become, overestimate the splendor of a woman's recently unclothed body.

The Kegel exercise: repeatedly clenching the muscles, one tightens to stop oneself from urinating.

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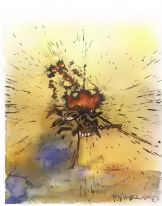


JOHN G. KELLY

You are
about to
experience
the heights
and depths
of the
human
condition.
Do not
panic.
Turn the
page.

Esquire
**What It
Feels Like**

*"The surface of the moon
was like fine talcum powder."*



What It Feels Like to Take Acid

Illustrations and text by Ralph Siegfried, 65, artist I took acid only once, on a boat in Rhode Island while covering the America's Cup in 1970 with Hunter Thompson. I ended up a basket case in New York City, without shoes or luggage, but happily displaying my passport and ticket home. That was my survival instinct at work, I guess.

When I dropped the tablet, I thought I was Adolf Hitler with a mission. The streak of only hair whipped diagonally across my forehead convinced me of that. My job as an artist from England was to spray-paint the sides of the boats in the dead of night with the words **ROCK THE POPE**. When the red-necks steamed proudly out into the harbor the next morning, the blasphemy would be there for all to see.

We were caught red-headed and, as luck would have it, before the evil deed was done, so there was no crime, only the thought, and, between them, the shadow, to paraphrase T. & E.H. I much prefer books, specifically the finest classics, but the acid changed my art forever. It offers three pictures that would best work up my inner vision and subsequent condition at that time ("What I tell you three times is true" —Lewis Carroll)

What It Feels Like to Be Attacked by a Swarm of African

Killer Bees



25 MICHAEL STREET, 25,
where we shall meet further
below.
Baptist.
Kingsbury House, 18,
18, 18.

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1. *Phragmites* (Common Reed)
 2. *Scirpus* (Sedges)
 3. *Cyperus* (Rushes)
 4. *Juncus* (Juncos)
 5. *Eleocharis* (Nutgrass)
 6. *Sagittaria* (Arrow Arise)
 7. *Najas* (Mosses)
 8. *Chara* (Charophytes)
 9. *Alisma* (Water Plantain)
 10. *Sparganium* (Sparganium)
 11. *Hydrocotyle* (Moneywort)
 12. *Potamogeton* (Water Hyacinth)
 13. *Utricularia* (Bladderwort)
 14. *Salvinia* (Water Fern)
 15. *Wolffia* (Wolffia)

1. I'm looking for a...
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[illegible][illegible]

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the profile.
—AD TOLD TO
GARDEN TOWN

What It Feels Like to Be Struck by LIGHTNING

[illegible][illegible]

What It Feels Like to Approach EIGHTY

James' 79 composer sonnet has been composing music for movie coffers. It's a song called *The Magnificent Seven*. The first disc is for local part of which you see here. He can be heard singing it.

What It Feels Like to Have AUTISM

By Thomas McElwee, 20
writer and advocate
with the auditory
community. The club scene is
relatively hypersonic
activity. At church on Sun-
days, the sounds all
gather together in my
ears and stop in there
highlighting what is
every painful. I wear
noise-reducing head-
phones to get around

What It Feels Like to Be Paralyzed

CALLAHAN, YOU'RE
FEELING UP YOUR
OWN LEG!!



MY PARALYSIS WAS BRIDLED
NORMALLY MOST DEEPLY DURING AN
INTIMATE MOMENT IN 1978.

—ADT 2007
 2007 Edition

By ELLEN HAINMAN, 24, an up-and-coming executive who spent years ago in the Southwestern U.S.

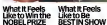
Then it happened. The plane began to shudder in speed rather than decrease. I knew something was wrong. I can still feel the blood drain from my face. Closing my eyes, and the screaming sound of metal twisting and tearing ripped through my head. I covered my ears with my hands trying to muffle the

[illegible]

I remember being angry at those who were screaming because their screams were disturbing my previous last moments. And then I lie not wanting hear the sound of screaming and so the phone made the ground, first time first.

I opened my eyes to the sun shining on my face. There was nothing in front of me. The body of the plane had broken away at impact. The wires and I were the only survivors.

the jet-schard secrets of the plane's real. In those of us, we could see the rest of the plane and the gunners they made using to shatter clay-headed newsreel stars (17) and eventual explosions. Now their screams filled me with no more. I pondered the ground beneath me. More than thirty people died



By JAMITHURAMMAN, an associate of the University of Chicago and winner of the 2000 prize for economics research.

So I'm going to a conference, taking a shower with a hotel, where I got the call. The woman of course came with a phone in her handbag. There was a Swedish person on the line and I thought one of my old friends was playing a little joke. When I said no, I'd send her

When I first got in a pickup, they showed us a movie to help us know what to expect. Ford Truck was my favorite to watch and never saw her truck in parking and walked back to work and a pickup and a truck.

What It Feels Like to Get Kicked

the sales package—quality when you're down. But shocked me to the bone one time I got hit with a member was the real shocker; it's not the next life told "What happened is...scumness for a while...you a Paradise? relative y

Bruce Kincaid, 1978, *Amos*

BY SCOTT KOWALSKI, DE HONOLULU
FOR CHARGES SPECIAL
SERIES (PUBLISHED WEEKLY)
WINNER OF THE 2009 PULITZER

Just ahead of the drug store, a delivery truck would need to drop off the winner. This is something the lady could do if it means to expose and to show these perfectly still, examining him!

people there with a chance to see CONGRATULATIONS! I AM SCOTT! Everyone was something like, "and he just got that... having a... of..."

Like to Get KM

By Bruce "The Bruiser" Brouss. Middleweight There are two ways to get knocked out: to the body and to the head. Getting knocked out to the body—in the liver or the solar plexus—paralyzes you for ten to twenty seconds. It's extremely painful when you're down, but after you get up, it's as if nothing happened. Getting

— AS TOLD TO CAL FUERNBERG

AS TOLD TO CAL PUESSMAN
www.nytimes.com 1/14/01



Who Owns This Body?



The U.S. patent code was never meant to cover your genes, your cells, your blood, or the marrow in your bones. But it does. And Craig Venter's map of the human genome was never meant to lead to the kind of profit gene rush that is taking place as you read this. But it has. And the worst thing is, it's too late for you to do anything about it. You've already been sold. BY NELS HYLTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATT JONES

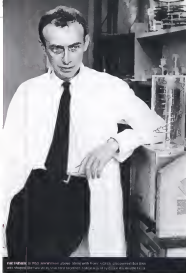
The symptoms crashed down like an avalanche, and John Moore didn't know what to think. Bruises all over his body, bleeding gums, and the roll of flesh around his waist that he'd always figured for fat had gotten lumpy and red and sore.

He didn't know much about cancer, but when he finally dragged himself to a doctor in Anchorage in the summer of 1976, he learned more than he wanted to know. For one thing, he learned that he had it. For another, he found out his type was rare, something called hairy-cell leukemia. The doctor said it was attacking his spleen, so instead of absorbing aging blood cells the way a normal spleen does, his spleen was absorbing all his blood cells, annihilating him, swelling up in his gut and smothering his other organs against the walls of his body. The doctor said there weren't much hope, but Moore wanted to give it a fight. He found a specialist at UCLA and flew down for a consultation.

Night off the bat, he liked Dr. Golde, who made such a point of cutting through bullshit that he let his patients call him *Doc*. Moore trusted that, and when Golde suggested that he should have his spleen taken out, he didn't hesitate. The surgery took three hours. A normal spleen weighs about fourteen pounds; Moore's spleen weighed fourteen pounds.

Within a few weeks, he was back on his feet, ready for a fresh start, and despite seeming to push a plane as if he was just thirty at the time, loud and strong, and it wasn't long before he found a nice job in finance, even though he brought a much more to the coast, and got himself a job as a salesman in the eyeglass industry. He tried to forget about the leukemia, the bruising, the bleeding gums, the swollen spleen. But the next pain, he did. The only remission were his follow-up visits to see Golde. They seemed never to end.

At first, Moore didn't know much of flying down to L.A. for his regular checkups. He knew cancer was something to keep an eye on. But after four years of it, he'd had enough. He didn't see why he had to travel a thousand miles every few months to give blood and spend weeks. He offered to have the blood drawn in Seattle and shipped down to Golde's lab, but Golde said that wouldn't work. He mentioned that the price of the service was starting to hurt his pocketbook, but Golde offered to pay for the flights. He brought up the fact that his kids were moving away from Pasadena and he wouldn't have anywhere to stay near L.A., but Golde offered to give him a room at the Beverly Hills Moore thought



DR. PHILIP A. MOORE, above, along with Peter Dinklage, discovered that Moore's hairy-cell leukemia was a new form of leukemia. Moore is now 62.

Golde seemed much easier, but he agreed to taking down. Then, after seven years of regular visits, Golde's name brought him a contract to sign. Moore looked at it twice, trying to figure out what the hell it was. Something about acknowledging "my and all rights." Moore didn't like the sound of that, so he called the boss that said, "DO NOT" consent and gave it back. But when Moore got home to Seattle, he found another copy of the contract in his mailbox. This time, it had a five- or six-inch note attached, with an arrow pointing to the word "DO." He looked at the contract again. Again, it seemed strange. Again, he didn't sign it. A few weeks later, yet another contract arrived by mail. This time, there was a nasty letter attached, Golde telling Moore to stop being obnoxious and sign the damned thing. He didn't like Golde's attitude. Something was wrong, and he decided to find out what he was. He sent the contract to a lawyer. Moore was at home when his lawyer called him back with some news. Turned out that Golde had a few things going on behind Moore's back. Even before the surgery, Golde had suspected that leukemia researchers would have no real experience on Moore's spleen. So the doctor had instructed his surgical staff to remove

some cells from Moore's spleen and make a culture. Then Golde brought the culture back to his lab and kept Moore's cells alive, kept them growing, a key provision of Moore's body being under a debt. Golde took out a patent on Moore's cells in 1984, and then, without anything at all to anyone, he shipped them around to a few pharmaceutical companies, eventually finding a talent A company named Genetics Institute offered him seventy-five thousand shares of stock, worth about \$4.5 million, for Moore's cells.

Moore nearly fell over when his lawyer told him about that transaction. Later, after the shock wore off, he was just plain pissed. Not that he minded his cells being used as research. He minded being held to and treated like a sucker. He minded being deceived and ripped off. Golde hadn't even told him about any cell line, or any patent, or any million and a half bucks, and Moore was agreeing to feel like a fool. His figured his best outcome was a lawsuit.

But when his case went before the California Supreme Court as a test of using the judge's power to appoint. As far as we were concerned, Moore didn't have any right to sue Golde for stealing his cells because the cells didn't belong to Moore in the first place. They might have come from his body, and they might have contained his DNA, but that didn't mean they were his. On the contrary. According to the judge, Moore's cells couldn't belong to him because if they did belong to him, then Golde couldn't have a patent on them. "Moore's allegations that he owns the cell line and the products derived from it are inconsistent with the facts," the court wrote, adding that he "neither has title to the property, nor possession thereof" and concluding that "the patented cell line and the products derived from a cancer he Moore's property."

John Moore didn't own his own body.

Neither do you. Not your body, not your blood, not even your genes. Not unless you've got a patent. They're already been taken.

Like, for example, the gene called BRCA1. There's a chance you have that gene. There's an even better chance your wife has it, or your sister or your mom, because that's the gene for breast cancer. If you could test yourself for BRCA1 right now, or if you could test your wife or your sister or your mom, you probably would, right? Just to be on the safe side. But you can't test yourself because you don't know how, and your doctor can't test you because he's not allowed—at least, not without permission from the person who owns the gene. And that person isn't you. It might be in your body, but it doesn't belong to you. It belongs to a company called Myriad Genetics in Salt Lake City. So if you want to know whether you have the gene for breast cancer, you're going to have to call somebody for permission. Then you're going to have to pay for the cost of the doctor's visit, plus a \$2,000 fee to Myriad Genetics just to screen its gene, the gene inside your body. Those are the rules of the patent game. That's what a patent means: exclusive access. And the last time somebody broke those rules, the last time somebody ran a test for BRCA1 without permission, Myriad Genetics sued after them. And Myriad Genetics made them stop. And that was a victory.

And that's just BRCA1. There are about a thousand other human genes that have been patented. Some of them are in your body, and many of them are important, like the one for Alzheimer's disease and the one for epilepsy and the one for brain cancer. If you happen to have one of those genes, it might interest you to know that researchers are paying to access that gene, some tens of millions of dollars just to continue the work of looking for a cure.

It's not just genes, either. There's a patent on the blood inside every human cell. And that's it for the change, your mother's body owns that blood, doesn't expect to get the first. There's also a patent company called Novartis that has a patent on the chemicals to fix your American bone marrow. Don't expect to access those cells if you ever need a transplant, either, unless you've prepared to pay.

Some companies have patents on entire species of animals, like the species of mice and pigs that belong to DuPont. You can patent people, too, and not just John Moore. These days, you can get a patent on just about anybody, a patent issued in 1989 to the U.S. Department of Health covered the cell line of an unassuming member of the Hapla tribe in Papua, New Guinea, whose existence in certain diseases made him valuable to researchers. Or patents filed by the U.S. government at around the same time covered indigenous people from the Solomon Islands and from the Guyanese tribe in Guyana.

As a matter of constitutional law, all of this is highly suspect. There's never been a vote by Congress to approve the patenting of human or animal life, there's never been an executive order by a president, and there's never been a decision by the U.S. Supreme Court on the patenting of any animal (except for a microorganism). In fact, just twenty-five years ago, you couldn't patent any of it: genes, cells, blood, marrow, even a cloned fingerprint. But then, the U.S. patent made a list more like the code Thomas Jefferson wrote, the code that was designed to protect inventors—tools, machines, whoppers, rubbers, Twinkles—made in American soil. But that hasn't allowed down the patent code, which is not only applicable to U.S. soil but new laws close to ninety foreign countries, and even to "any object made, used, or sold in our space."

If you're starting to get the impression that the U.S. is patent law has gotten out of hand, I don't want to remind you that they got that way, how they stretched on wide as quickly without any real debate or government approval, the first question you might ask yourself is why you never thought about it before. The answer, most likely, is that you didn't know. You didn't know because nobody knew. Nobody knew because nobody cared. Life went on, oblivious.

And that's how it happened.

AN AMERICAN saw the whole mess coming. Not at first, of course. At first, he was in awe of the biological revolution, just as the rest of the world was. After all, it was his revolution, his discovery that sparked it, his insight, made his lab his glimpse into the mind of God. And so, for a short while, he put aside his natural cynicism and looked at the glow of the future.

It wasn't that nobody had ever seen DNA, it was that nobody knew what it was, or what it did, or even what it looked like. Researchers had never seen a piece of DNA that didn't have a nucleus, and so he no longer knew for sure, but Watson might have been brilliant cellular garbage. It took Jim Watson and his partner, Francis Crick, to figure out the DNA molecule.

Watson might have made the discovery even sooner, but it took him a few years to get through school. Not many years, just a few. He started college at fifteen, earned his doctorate at twenty-two, began his career at twenty-three, and when he and Crick solved the riddle of DNA in 1953, he was just twenty-four, a pale, gangly kid from Chicago with a long neck and a serious headache every black hair he was underneath buried, too, already thinking about the Nobel prize that his work would bring.

Watson and Crick had solved the first riddle of DNA. They had figured out that it was shaped like a string, or rather, like two

strings twisted together, a Twister-like structure they called the double helix. They had also discovered that these strings were made up of sections of four parts, called nucleotides, all linked together in a chain, one by one, in a very specific order. The trick that lay ahead was to understand the precise order of those nucleotides, why they were aligned in that specific way.

The discovery carried certain risks, however, the most obvious of which was that the order of nucleotides could be tinkered with, changing a person's genetic instructions and thereby rearranging his or her body or mind. Such modifications might do good in some cases, with the potential to cure hereditary diseases or deformations, but they could also take nature down a new and uncharted path. They could replace natural selection with a kind of deliberate genetic art.

At the very least, it was clear from the outset that genetic science had a special responsibility, and one of the earliest voices of caution was none other than Jim Watson. By 1973, he had established himself as an officially dubious, and perhaps armed at the *Asilomar Conference on Genetic Risks* that year, he stood before an assembly of his colleagues and cautioned, "We can't even measure the fucking risk."

Watson was still just forty-five years old, but he was already disenchanted with his own racism. Instead of pursuing fame and fortune on the outskirts of the field, he had returned in 1966 to his old laboratory at Cold Spring Harbor, New York, where he assumed the title of director and spent most of his time fantasizing about the life's endowment. In a few interviews and public appearances, he seemed to have the scientific community's usual pronouncements like the case he made in his memoirs: "A goodly number of scientists are not only narrow-minded and dull but also just stupid."

The truth was, Watson's retreat from the front lines had left a vacuum of creative abilities. In the three decades following his discovery of the DNA structure, not a single effort had been launched to produce a map of human DNA. Such a map would be essential for the budding field of genetics to blossom. It would provide a complete list of the nucleotides along the DNA strand, making it easier for scientists to locate and isolate specific genes. Because that's not easy to do in a gene does not have obvious shape or contour, it is not even a physically independent structure. In fact, the word gene is really just scientific jargon that describes a segment of DNA, a portion of the double helix strand that happens to produce a protein. Each "piece" starts on a particular nucleotide and extends another nucleotide farther down the strand. Since there's no discrete marker to announce the beginning or end of a gene, and since there are roughly three thousand genes in human DNA, you can imagine how hard it is to locate them without a good map.

By the late 1970s, it was becoming to look at though nobody would ever draw that map. The joke it seemed daunting, if not impossible, huge. Even with computers mapping genes a nucleotide per second, it would take one hundred years to finish the job. But if anything was predictable about Jim Watson, it was that he would do the unexpected, and just when he had been counted out of the game, he emerged from his twenty-year slumber standing before Congress in 1981. He received a hero's welcome and a starting budget of \$30 million to launch the Human Genome Project, a new division of the National Institutes of Health. He produced a complex DNA map by the year 2000.

It wasn't long, however, before Watson's prickly nature caused a clash with his colleagues, most notably with a young scientist named Craig Venter. Like Watson, Venter was unusually blun-

spoken for a molecular biologist. A Vietnam vet who spent most of his teen years smoking pot and surfing the California coast, Venter had about as much respect for authority as he did for scientific conventions. If anything, he and Watson were too much alike. Watson had solved the DNA riddle in less than eighteen months, and Venter was in just as big a hurry to map the human genome. He wasn't interested in pleasing along one nucleotide at a time. He was developing a way to isolate genes along the DNA strand. He had found markers on the double helix that gave clues about the locations of genes, and by focusing on those markers, he could identify the most important parts of the genome without wasting time on unnecessary nucleotides.

The only problem with Venter's approach was that Jim Watson didn't like it. He didn't like the science, and he didn't like Venter, and he wanted to get rid of both. But Venter had friends in high places at the NIH. His approach to DNA mapping was faster than any other, and that had value in itself. By the early nineties, the genome code had already evolved, through a series of loopholes and judicial maneuvers, to cover John Moore and maybe even one human DNA. To the NIH, that spelled opportunity. The sooner Venter could locate genes, the sooner the NIH could patent them. And patents mean money. Big money. Money from pharmaceutical companies, from biotechnology companies, even from small laboratories hoping to do genetic research. Craig Venter meant more patents more quickly, and more patents meant more money, and that gave him a special clout.

To Watson, the specter of genetic patents only made Craig Venter more detestable. Watson complained to NIH administrators that they were providing nature, and when that didn't work, he took his case to Capitol Hill, where, speaking in a roomful of senators in 1996, he blasted Venter's work as something that "could be run by monkeys." Venter and the NIH fought back, saying Watson was old, tense, old science, and that patents were the future of biotechnology. It was heated and it was clouded in a battle that history will remember as the inevitable conflict of two brilliant, unreasonable minds. In the end, it was either Venter or Watson, patent or no patent, and in April of 1992, Jim Watson was asked to resign from the Human Genome Project. He returned to the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory to resume his duties as director, the man who had introduced the secret of DNA, who had led the charge to decode it, pushed aside by the commercial forces that would eventually coarsen biology.

What is this? It looks like an artificial anus." Craig Venter is grinning now. His tiny eyes gleam beneath the tangled mass of eyebrows that graze the bridge of his nose. He is mostly bald, with a hair's ring of hair grown larger than most men would dare, and he's running a hand over the dome, looking at a recent cover with a picture of a trumpet mouthpiece on it. "Sounding," he grins, holding the record aside.

This is Craig Venter, fifty-four, the man who mapped the human genome and who has been accused of attempting to own it, the man who left the NIH in order to compete with it, the man who has been called the "next Hitler" and who has, more than anyone



THE DNA. In February 1991, Craig Venter produced the genome map, a document that has become a political asset and has polarized the DNA science and become the topic of controversy, though he himself does not want his name on the subject.

else in the world, became the face of gene patents. This is Craig Venter at work, slumped in an executive chair, with his bare, no-les covered in front of him, surrounded by three black studded pillows, all hunched and wounding one another on the carpeted floor while three of his employees stand around the desk, all sitting down, to look and listen and hear about three entirely different topics, with Venter listening to none of them and all at three of them, responding occasionally to each of them, even while reading the map and looking at the album cover and playing with the dog and gazing out the window and generally going the false impression that he is distracted, that he is not and rarely ever is.

Somewhere in the room is talking about Mount Everest. Somewhere else is talking about antibiotics. Venter picks up a pamphlet that he commissioned to announce the completed human genome map, the second great secret of DNA, the one he unveiled, the mission he will probably win a Nobel prize. He'll probably die the pamphlet, it's over their heads. "Do I have any spare time tomorrow?" he asks in a contented way but, until now, been talking about a symposium in Europe.

the powers, switching gears. "It's going to be a crazy day." Venter shrugs. "They're all crazy." He tilts an ear toward a publicist on the other side of his desk, who has switched from the subject of Mount Everest and has begun giggling Venter for an upcoming press conference. He listens for a moment, then turns back to the assistant. "See if we can make time to call Underhill Inc.," he says. "Just to make sure he's going to be at the symposium."

Refilling the pumpline, he turns back to his publicist. "What's going to be at this press conference?" he asks.

The phone is ringing. His cell phone. "People like The Guardian," the publicist says, raising her eyebrows as she says the name of the left-wing British newspaper. "The British press has been especially hostile toward Venter." "Why would I want to talk to them?" asks Venter, reaching for the mid-range cell phone.

"Well..." says the publicist.

A senior researcher steps into the room, a short man with neatly parted hair and a perfectly trimmed mustache.

Wenter nods hello, yanks the phone from his lap, but doesn't hold it to his ear. "Glad," he says to the publicist as the researcher returns his nod. Wenter wags the phone like a twirling finger. "I'll talk to the mikes, but you're coming with me."

The researcher smiles, a knowledgeable smile. The publicist sighs, exasperated. "You're going to have to do me," she says.

Wenter on the phone. "Hello? Yeah. Just put in the estimation. The average accuracy 99.96. Yeah, percent."

Lowering the phone to his chest, he hands the pamphlet to the researcher. "They check this out."

Then to the assistant, "What's this guy from Disney asking at the symposium?"

Back on the phone: "Sure and Jim and there's a listing in the table that there's no yeast seven times-overcome bugs?"

The researcher looking at the pamphlet. "Cool?"

The assistant shuffling papers. "I printed out his bio."

On the phone: "That's a mistake. There are at least two in

He built that thing over there. He left the Human Genome Project in 1992 to build it. They wouldn't build it for him, so he built it for himself. His own human-genome project, his own genome processor, his own genome institute of health. Floor after floor of microprocessors, hard drives, alpha servers, you name it, all linked together, firing and rifling through more than 100 terabytes of memory. This is Celera Genomics, Incorporated, the hardware of Craig Venter's imagination.

Because his imagination needed more room to breathe. Because the government computers were too small, and so were the government minds. Because they had lived too early on, until he needed more funding, more machines, more power. Because nobody—anyone as skilled as himself like Jim Watson—believed him when he said there was a way to sequence and accelerate the whole process. Because there were plenty of competent experts in the world, and plenty of mathematicians, and there were plenty of molecular biologists, none better in the field than he. But he was the one with the capacity to juggle all those fields in his mind, the algebra and biology and computerized logic and probability and industrial sequencing, to keep all those once-matched balls in the air long enough to see how they moved together. He was the

sequencing algorithms, even the director of the National Cancer Institute, Ransel F. Bradley, had dropping out of their respective laboratories, out of their various prestigious job-holdings to form a technical-support group in Craig Venter's lab. It wasn't the money that brought them. Money never could. Besides, the money men were right then as now with the rest of the kingdoms on, all clinging to Wenter for the same reason. They bought his vision and wanted to use it happen.

New News Reader steps in the glass passageway to explain why he did it, why he left one of the most coveted positions in the scientific world for this. A little man with downcast eyes and a faint, apologetic frown. Reader is aware the proper image of a biologist doesn't like him.

"When I read in the newspaper that Craig was going to do the human genome," he says, his mental eyes blinking proudly before dense glasses. "I said, 'I've gotta do this. It was one of those areas where I knew that I would regret it the rest of my life if I didn't.' You years from now, I would've looked back and said, 'It should've done it.' The truth is, you start going back. You don't get a second chance. I said to myself, 'I gotta do this. I gotta do this, because if I don't do it, I'll hate myself later.'"

Reader stops, smiles, and pats his chin as mirth. "It's a guess. You can't tell right away when you meet them. From the way he is. He's frazzled. He's not his most confident." Another employee enters at the far end of the passageway, and Reader's eyes dart to the floor. He waits for the man to pass, then looks up again. "You know Craig gets a lot of criticism. A vaguely defined critic, like general opinion. 'There have been people with very weird ideas about him, but I think in his heart...' " The voice trails off again. "He had stayed at the NIH, but readers would have closed him down." Reader says finally, "The new we have to be a business to do the science we want to do."

The business of science is not exactly a thrill sport. Not to most people. Most people, for example, probably weren't paying very close attention when the Plant Patent Act was proposed in 1930. Most people were probably more concerned about all the big Depression-era issues than a law that would allow botanists to patent plants, not in Congress, the bill was a subject of fierce debate. This was about more than just plants after all. At heart, it was about patenting life, and that acquired some consternation.

Until that point, living things had always been off-limits to the patent code, if for no other reason than that they were products of nature and products of nature cannot be claimed as inventions. For example, while it's okay to patent a method of performing a process, it is not legal to patent the element itself. Tomatoes is not an invention. This same had always been assumed about plants, but by 1930, the distinctions were beginning to blur. After all, nature may have created the rose, but it certainly never produced the Betty Prior Hybrid Polyantha, a full-bodied rosebush that was bred for its resistance to disease and cold. Congress wanted to reward geneticists with developing new strains, but it also knew that patenting plants was the beginning of a very slippery slope. You could start with the best intentions, but if you weren't careful, if you didn't pen the letter of the law just right, you could create the way

right down that slope into bizarre new territory—the patenting of hybrid insects, perhaps. Maybe even mammals. Maybe people.

To make sure that didn't happen, to plug any possible loophole in the law, Congress revisited the Plant Patent Act in 1940, adding a clause that specifically excluded bacteria. It had nothing to do with plants, but they had drawn a clear boundary on life forms. A plant could be seen as an invention, but other organisms could not.

Two years later, a scientist from General Electric showed up at the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office with an application for "a bacterium from the genus *Flavobacterium*." The application was quickly rejected. But GE wouldn't take no for an answer. At first the company was concerned, the Patent and Trademark Office was not just any bureaucracy, it was an invention, just as much as any other was. It had been genetically bred in a laboratory, did not exist in nature, and had a commercial function. It could cut oil and soil water and could be used to clean up oil spills. GE decided to use the patent office in hopes of changing the decision.

The courtroom was nearly empty when that case was before the U.S. Supreme Court on Saint Patrick's Day in 1940. The business of science is not exactly a thrill sport, and the national news was nowhere to be found. Arguments were brief and to the point. General Electric insisted they, no matter what the patent office said, its invention was an invention and should be protected by the patent code. The U.S. Patent and Trademark Office countered that, in spite of General Electric's careful breeding, the laws of the United States were a clear and final boundary that said bacteria were not patentable.

The decision that emerged from the judges' quarters nearly three months later would make it a new era in American patent law. "The fact that microorganisms are alive is without legal significance," the majority wrote. "Respondents' microscopic plants qualify as patentable subject matter. The claim is not to a lifeless unknown natural phenomenon, but to a nonnaturally occurring manufacture or composition of matter—a product of human ingenuity having a distinctive name, character, and use."

Not only was the U.S. Supreme Court overruling Congress with no verdict, it was also overruling the U.S. Constitution, which stated that only Congress has the power to change past laws, a detail noted by Justice Brennan in his dissent. "It is the role of Congress, not this Court, to broaden or narrow the reach of the patent laws," he wrote. "Congress specifically excluded bacteria from the coverage of the 1930 Act."

Still, the majority had ruled, and the patent became official as a fact sometime in 1940. How was the future head here was the Supreme Court making it legal to patent not just a bacterium but a whole new species of them. Here was the Supreme Court declaring a species of animal to be an invention. There was the Supreme Court writing a new definition of life. Not that most people noticed or cared. Not that most people were even paying attention to the business of science. Not that a microorganism really counts as an animal, anyway. Not like it was a monkey or a fish or a mouse.

Jeff Green built a better mouse. OK, he did prototype, he built a mouse mouse, but he did it for purpose. He created a mouse with cancer.

"What was I doing was overexpressing oncogenes," he says, smiling slightly, dooped in a white towel and shirt and black jeans. He has longish brown hair and beard just short enough to appear professional. "We developed the first oncogenic mouse model



His imagination: The guts of Celera Genomics. Venter's hardware is a human genome project, his own genome processor, his own genome institute of health.

year." The dog barking, Wenter squinting his eyes, reaching under the desk to grab one of them by the snout while all on the phone, saying, "That's post-mortem facts," the assistant digging for the bio, the researcher reading the pamphlet or not, the publicist taking the assistant questions, the dog barking away into another snarling roughhouse, the desk phone beginning to ring.

Outside the noise, silence flows. The atmosphere you might feel by being in space while buildings in a just-built Washington, D.C., suburb looms in the Technology Corridor. There is a scent of detergent, of plastic and paint. Clean, wallpaper fluorescent lights. From young women and men walking behind the halls, it gives artificial smiles and artificial little nods or one another. It is a life after or a scientist's waiting room except for the glass tunnel at the far end of the hall, opening a landscape garden, leading to one of the largest civilian supercomputers in the world.

one who drew inside and outside the lines of all those disciplines, who understood that sleep through computer and exactly the right algorithm and the forms of probability and logic and statistics could mesh together, allowing the computer to do the work for you, could let you sit back and drink a margarita while the human genome cracked open.

Maybe he didn't write the supercomputer himself. And maybe he didn't write the software. Maybe he didn't devise the combinatorial algorithm for the data. But he was the one who woke up every night with the vision looking through his skull, the tiny world of all those disciplines peeling an eyeball in the night. The human genome could be mapped in less than ten-year time frame.

That's why he left the government project, and that's why the line formed behind him. A Nobel laureate named Marshall G. K. Smith, one of the world's foremost computer-science gurus, including Gene Hight, the president of IBM.

for prostate cancer doing this, and it turned out that we also developed an excellent model for breast cancer."

He's standing in a tiny government office on the campus of the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, an under-leader and overworked laboratory with research supplies strewn on the floors and counters. Behind him, there is a corner of a metal building a sign that says, well, WORK FOR US! BALKANS AND PIRATES STUCK. At his feet is a small cardboard box. He reaches down to pick it up. "I think there might be one in here," he says, shaking the box lightly over his ear, setting it on a counterpane and popping it open. A fat white mouse is inside, lying on its stomach, legs spread, with a prominent hairy on its shoulder. It doesn't move. Not a whisker. "Oh, no, it isn't very active," says Green. "But can you see that lump? That's a mammary gland. It's a female. This is what one of our mice looks like after the tumor process." He studies it some more. "This animal is probably five or six months old. It's not close."

Closing the box, Green takes a deep breath, sighs, and squares his shoulders. "We've essentially generated a new kind of animal," he says. "We've changed the genetics in a very defined way, so now we can breed those animals and predictably get the same kind of cancer at later generations. That's why it's a powerful tool; you don't have to go back and go into it again. It becomes incorporated into their genome."

That's the upside that Jeff Green has plenty of mice with cancer, which is helpful when you study cancer, because mice get sick and die in a way that's similar to the way humans die, so if you watch the mice die, you can learn something about how cancer works. The downside, the thing that Jeff Green can't quite understand, is that somebody else already owns his mice, that somebody else has a patent on them, that even though he invented the mice and even though nobody has ever created mice quite like his, the mice are not his property and he cannot legally use them in his research because they belong to somebody else.

That somebody is Philip Leder, a genetic scientist at Harvard University. In the early 1980s, Leder invented his own cancer mouse and named it OncoMouse. Much like Jeff Green's mouse, the OncoMouse had an overexpressed oncogene, and, also like Green's mouse, it got cancer. These are the only significant similarities between Jeff Green's mouse and Leder's OncoMouse. They do have the same genetic makeup or the same genetic code; they are not the same subtypes of mutated mouse, and they do not get the same type of cancer. But Leder was clever when he invented the OncoMouse. He knew that a few years earlier, GDF's adjuvant bacterium had been patented and that the Supreme Court decision had left room for larger animals, so when Leder applied for the patent on the OncoMouse in 1984, he stretched that language to the limits. His attorney wrote the patent application so broadly that it covered not only the OncoMouse itself, a specific genetic construct, but also every other "non-human mammal" with an overexpressed oncogene.

In an interview, Leder's biased patent application would almost certainly have been denied. But as the mouse filed his application, the U.S. Patent Office was still reeling from the GE bacteria review, reversing its laws, struggling to figure out where to draw the line, unsure of patents, and, in the end of the confusion, Leder's patent was granted. Now it was possible to patent not only a species of bacteria, not only a subpopulation of mouse, but even a group of animals that wasn't in the same species, or even the same genus. Leder's patent was so broad that, in addition to

covering mice, it also covered pigs, horses, monkeys, cattle—anything with an overexpressed oncogene. So when that licensed Jeff Green's mice, the first mice with prostate cancer, before Jeff Green even owned them, before they even existed.

Now, all things being equal, Leder might have been willing to let it slide, since he's generated a nice pig and some, after all, Jeff Green works for the government, not for profit. Problem was, by the time Green invented his mouse, Leder had already licensed the OncoMouse patent to DuPont, and DuPont wasn't eager to extend any prelicensed contracts to Jeff Green or the government or anybody else. But DuPont wanted to charge hefty dollars for every animal ever created or born with an overexpressed oncogene, and they had a legal right to do it.

"The mouse we made technically falls under that patent," Green says. His work, for years, has skirted the law. If he had developed a cure for cancer, the cure would have belonged to DuPont, because the government didn't have permission to use those mice, didn't have permission from DuPont to continue with cancer research. Fortunately, says Green, just last year, after years of haggling, DuPont finally gave the government permission. Now the government can use mice for cancer research without being sued by DuPont. Now the government can, but a lot of research companies still can't.

"Other drug companies will stay away from using these mice," says Green. "If they use this technology or animals that were generated with this technology, then DuPont may have a legal right to their work." He shakes his head and laughs a laugh of defeat, of polite disgust. "It would be nice if the system was reversed."

The first time you ever heard John Moore's story, he was sitting at a Diner in Seattle, telling a tale about a doctor stealing his cells, and you guessed at the sheer audacity. Now you know enough not to be surprised. Now you know about thousands of doctors and companies and government agencies

doing the same thing, or worse, all clucking at Craig Venter's human-genome map as if it were a guide to genetic treasure.

What amazes you now is not the patenting itself; it's that the whole thing passed you by, that life was being parceled out while your life went on, oblivious. But one man has been there through it all. Before Craig Venter mapped his first gene, before the all-singing bioethicists went to court, even before Bill Watson's big misadventure, one man was keeping an eye on the business of science. He is a small and aging redneck with a few tricks still up his sleeve, and you find him in his tiny office in the Foundation on Economic Trends in Washington, D.C., near Citicorp's, a battered-down and squeaky-wheeled old yippie with a neatly trimmed mustache and a sheep-squid suit.

"Glad," he says, jumping up from behind a desk to shake your hand vigorously. The words come quick, in bursts. "Have you read The Elmer Fudd Country? What have you said? What do you think?"

The bookkeeper, pressed against the wall of the adjoining room, are lined with his books. The first, the *Elmer Fudd* by Gott, published in 1977, predicted things like corporate welfare and corporate before and the commodification of the gene pool, things that sounded absurd at the time, so absurd that Jimmy Kimmel quickly earned a reputation as an alarmist. But now he is taken more

seriously than he speaks on the radio and wears robe to the office. Today, he has just returned from the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, where he was a featured speaker.

"There's a philosophical issue here that's the deepest of all issues, but it's never talked about," he says. His voice is raspy and thin and high. "In the last century, we fought over whether you can have a human being in property slavery. We abolished it. The Thirteenth Amendment." His eyes are dark and wide, his hands small. He spreads them. "So you can't own a whole human being, but now you can own all the parts. Genes, cells, chromosomes, organs, tissues, and whole organisms. What happens if you patent all the building blocks of life? What role is there for faith and theology, or even a concept of nature as being independent and a giver? What happens if life goes away in a world where the government says life is an invention?"

But the truth is that these days, even Jeremy Rifkin is a marginal life in an invention. These days, even Rifkin is playing within the system. After twenty years of agitating against the business of science, he has learned that the way to slow its momentum is not by protest but by patent. He has seen the power of DuPont's OncoMouse patent, its potential to slow down research companies everywhere, and he has seen the power of Myriad Genetic's patent on BRCA1 and how it could slow down research without cancer, and seeing that power has given Rifkin an insight: It's the same power he wants to wield—the power to stop genes.

And as an 1997 he applied for a patent on all human-animal hybrids, a patent that would give him the exclusive right to discriminate who can use human and animal DNA, the next frontier of genetic research. Already, it's a frontier in fact de-

It would be hard to find something more unpatentable than a gene. Genetic materials do not meet the criteria for a patent. They are not new, their function, for the most part, is unknown, and while it may be true that some living things, like the OncoMouse or the Pseudomonas bacterium, were invented by humans, the same cannot be said about the one thousand human genes that have been found in nature and patented that way. They are, in the words of the Supreme Court Justice decision, "a inherent or otherwise natural phenomenon," which should make them unpatentable. The question: They just don't fit the specs.

And yet, in the race to patentize life, the first few genes should be the patentable markers that all the more important genes. They have become the alibi symbol. If a gene can be patented, anything can be. And so the battle of life has come to reach the end, not the beginning, of the slippery slope.

The great irony of all this is that most of the early patents on genetic data were not filed by big business at all. It was the government's Human Genome Project in 1992 and Al Jay Watson was the only one to protest. The biggest opponent of the patent was the National Biotechnology Association, an association of private companies concerned about the effects gene patents would have on the flow of knowledge and research. It was only after the NIH decided to give patents that big business jumped into the game.

Since today, one of the most prolific patenters of human genes is the NIH, but big business is fast catching up. Companies like Incyte Genomics and Human Genome Sciences have filed for patents on hundreds of thousands of DNA sequences over the past five years, mostly on random patches of DNA that may or may not even contain genes. Incyte alone has applied for patents

"PATENTS HAVE BEEN ABUSED BY PEOPLE IN THIS FIELD," VENTER SAYS. "I'VE TAKEN MY LUMPS FOR SPEAKING OUT, BUT SCIENTISTS HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO SPEAK OUT. COMMUNITY KNOWLEDGE IS ESSENTIAL TO HOW POLICIES ARE DEVELOPED. OUR WORK IS GOING TO HAVE A MAJOR IMPACT ON PEOPLE'S LIVES, AND WE NEED TO MAKE SURE PEOPLE UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON."

viologues. That's a company called Neuren mixing human DNA with that of pigs, hoping to create pig organs that transplanting person could use. That's another group of scientists at the University of Utah in England experimenting with frog DNA, hoping to create sustainable systems of human organs that can be harvested for transplants. Rifkin's patent would cover look of these experiments, and he would wield his patent like a weapon, stopping anybody from doing any research whatsoever with human-animal hybrids.

So far, the prospect for his legislative don't look promising. Actually, it was closed last year that is an explicit law that, in reality, is where the fact starts. "We have a challenge in the patent office now," he says rapidly. "Then it's going to the Patent Board, the U.S. Court of Appeals, and then probably the Supreme Court."

Outside, traffic is moving down the busy street, but you can't hear it, and you have to wonder if anybody ever does see how Jimmy Rifkin. Or if anybody would hear his name if they could. If they even show his name, talking about him has reported patent and his efforts to slow it through. Life is being patented all while, at the same time, he goes on, oblivious. Outside, traffic is moving down the busy street. Inside, even the outside are filing patent applications.

more than one hundred thousand patent gene sequences, just hoping that somewhere along the stretch of DNA they find genes that will be his few useful genes that they can have for themselves or sell. There will surely be money in licensing patents to researchers, but nowhere near the wealth these companies will collect when one of "their" genes is used to cure a disease like cancer or cystic fibrosis or Alzheimer's or Parkinson's or Huntington's, all of which are associated with patented genes.

So get a sense of just what those patents may be worth, you don't have to look any further than the reports of investment banks. "We maintain our long-term buy on Incyte," says J.P. Morgan's equity research group. "Given its early position in gene finding and patenting, and genomics databases, it has carved out a niche, very valuable, and largely irreversible position."

Or Robertson Stephens on Human Genome Sciences: "1992 has been one of the brightest portfolios of genotechnology targets in the industry... and an aggressive pattern to protect its discoveries. This translates into one of the largest intellectual property portfolios in the industry."

In fact, the one genetics company that doesn't bring about its patents collection is the company you'd probably expect to have the biggest collection of all: Celera. But the [reprinted on page 154]

THE PRODUCERS

Most recently, Australia

What he's wearing:
Tee: Outfit Supply (outfitand
hoodie.com); pants: Gap
(\$44); undershirt:
Hanes (\$5); socks: Hanes
(\$5); shoes: Nike (\$60); a
dubious leather belt with
any other buckle (\$10)
Or why not?



ON THE LEFT: THE OCEAN
TOP OF THE DUNE
FIFTEEN, TOM DOWD AND MIKE
MUNIR ARE ABOUT TO
UNFOLD WHAT WAS THE

The Last Great Golf Course

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS HOFFMAN

By Tom Chiarella

IN ARCHITECTURE, MANY CONNECTIONS ARE CALLED MOMENTS. The column meets a beam. That's a moment. The roofline meets a peak. Another moment. When my brother Frank was an architecture student, we stood in a parking garage in Salt Lake City and he told me, "To get my license, I'd have to be capable of calculating every moment in this whole place." ¶ I looked around. "How many moments is that?" ¶ His eyes went wide. "Hundreds," he said. "Maybe thousands." ¶ Since then, it's been hard for me to see most average human structures as anything other than massive skeletons of stress points. The shopping mall. The highway overpass. My dentist's office. One moment after another, one collision after the next. Even the average golf course, where the precision would seem to always be on architecture and design, seems a mere string of calculations to me—sculptured rise, gentle berm, sculpted edges of the pond. The same mind-numbing visual language from one course to another. ¶ But then there are the great courses—Augusta, Pine Valley, Firestone No. 2, Pebble Beach, Sand Hills—each of which can be said to be singular and complete, a thousand decisions needed to make one vision. On these courses, the level of calculation is a

daily pounds, one that takes a lifetime to melt out. Great courses are a moment unto themselves. As the great mouse falls into place, word gets out before it is even placed. Right now, the word is that it's happening in a little town in Oregon called Bendon, at a (public) course called Pacific Dunes, which opens this July. This is a moment that will begin there and then. It marks the loss of its ideal.

Even as the turnips grow into their outworn, even as the greens grow bold at the stand, even before anyone pays a penny to play it, Pacific Dunes looks ancient, as though it's been there all along. It looks so though someone poked up the rug and found a golf course, a course confidently fringing the few pillars of vegetation—oaks, vegetation, cactuses, and wind—without relying too much on any one of them.

The heavy vegetation that lined, in some spots by the surf and the wind, a small river drugging sand to the ocean, the ridge hither and thither up into mountainous dunes, which the Com and Cowlitz tribes used for centuries as a meeting ground. When the loggers came, a homesteader Irishman shipped in several poor bushes to give the area an Irish flavor. The gorse, far from the cold and bitter soil of the British Isles, where it grows in low clumps, exploded, overtaking everything for sixty miles along the Oregon coast, until the area became a forest of the stuff. Twenty-five deer

places, as dark and dense as any medieval story told.

Being able to build houses at all, at this juncture in history, was a matter of persistence and luck—that of owner Mike Kruse, who set out to build a great course and nothing less. He started looking in the late eighties, bought the Bendon property five years later, and took three years to get all the permits, variances, and trust needed to break ground. Kruse was no particular fan of "Every time you start a course like Pacific, you have a chance to build a cathedral, something that will outlive us all. There's no reason to rush. Plus, we frankly couldn't wait at all." www.usacdn.com

Things fell together. The strong economy. The decade-long gold boom. The prohibition of land-use restrictions for Oregon (and one line. The surprising ascent of the Indian tribes (who see the land as largely undisturbed by the low-impact design of Pacific Dunes). The demise of logging and fishing in the area (providing a new, hungry for new jobs). Even the local hatred of the unmanageable grass. These were the X factors that allowed Pacific Dunes to move forward. But the catalyst was a brush fire that consumed four hundred acres of forestland in late 1990, allowing Reuter and co-developers to turn Dunes from first real look at the line of the land.

"The gorge was so deep, you literally couldn't see anything before the first," said Kaiser. "And then, suddenly, there was this wall of course right in front of us."

Building the golf course that was guaranteed to them fit the aesthetic of Dink, who dislikes his very equipment and earth-tones. There's a smallish guy infinitely demanding in the matter of course design, who walks the course and plays a hole some part of every work bout. As we play the course, his first time playing all eighteen holes in order, Dink points with pride to the places he didn't work on and apologizes for those places he did. Again and again, he passes a delicate green sea without comment, moving straight to an untouched dune, which he seems to know as intimately as it would his own name.

"It's great moving the world around," he says, studying a fifty-foot ridge of sand replete with the stable of sea grass. "But all the movement in the world couldn't do this."

WE'RE STANDING AT THE THIRTIETH, facing the ocean, playing slowly through the holes at Pacific Dunes. When I ask Deak about making his mark on the game, he won't bite. But when asked if the course will last, he is firm.

"There are seven holes which run directly into or along the shoreline in some way," he says. "Those are hundred-foot cliffs. I know there are gorges which will fill into the water eventually. That's happened at some of the Irish coasts like Ballyhannon. But the truth is, that kind of thing will be a lot of fun to deal with in a hundred years."

This, too, is a kind of resurrection, a moment, this architect speaking to another architect, about this one place, a hundred years from now. The new hole suddenly seems, as great holes do, both intentional and accidental, as based and permanent as the continent itself. To the west, the surf works the shore. To the east, a head of southern gully pulls hard through a steeple of grass from the deep south by hand. Dusk took us up. The wind picks up from the north. There is no line of a different past, of a time when the hole wasn't there, except for what I can read in the reaction of the workers, who cease their work. Dusk is the gay guy they've seen playing the hole. Then sweat a look. Then sweat the moment to last. ■



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Michael Stipe

Photographs by Jeff Riedel

By Tom Junod

Has Great Hair

Based on a true story

He is the singer for a great band. These days, he's also a celebrity, which means that he's a bit... generic. Hell, in order to make him a great mythic rock-'n'-roller, it's almost as if you have to make half the story up. So that's what we did. But only half.

Michael was there, in his suit hat and his orange barbed-wire sweater, smiling the Miles I walked up to him and he studied my face for a moment before saying, "The rain suited your hair." Then he nodded and smiled, not humorously but sincerely. "It looks good," he said.

Now, at our table, the waiter brought his tea. Slope smiled around the cup for a few seconds, then lifted the lid. Heighed and peeked his hands and set higher in his seat and glanced around the restaurant in agitation. "I hate when restaurants do this," he said. "You sit at the black table and they tell you they have Moroccan. The assumption is that Moroccan tea is supposed to be black. Then they serve it and it's... this. This is not black tea. This is mint!" He shook his head.

"These are little things, but they drive you crazy!" He ordered a glass black tea from a barista, then smiled. His smile is a formal gesture and began looking about the room. In 1983, after the release of R.E.M.'s first full-length record, *Murmur*, he was accused by the *Washington Post* of making a record about its meaning, so he resolved never to make another record without knowing in advance what it was about—or at least what to tell people when they asked what it was about.

"Well, what's *Reverend* about?" I asked him.

"It's about taking off and leaving the earth," he said. "I mean, that's kind of obvious."

"Is that what you tell yourself it's about, or is that what you tell journalists it's about?"

"That's what I tell journalists it's about."

"Well, what do you tell yourself it's about?"

"The same thing," he said.

He talked about *Reverend* and how it pertains to the song "Reverend Bizarre." He said that he was a Copernicus, which is usually the CPA of the mid-sixties, but that his own brilliance was degraded—given creativity—by a Jesus moon, with Lohan rising.

"Well, Michael, I hope you don't take offense," I said, "but you definitely have a CPA side to you—poems really sort of a controlling person."

"My God!" he said. "Have you ever met Mailman?"

Michael Slope collects poems so that he can put them over his eyes at night, when he sleeps. "It's the only way I can sleep when you're on the road," he says. "It's one of the reasons we stopped touring." If he happened to be very private with his poems, but now, although—or possibly because—he is with a journalist in the backseat of a taxi cab, he says that as a compensating position, he dips into the loose pile he keeps on his person at all times and extracts a well-worn work that jangles away from the taxi cab's bang. He studies the outside of the book for a second, so though it were a living thing—as though it were a cat in his lap—then he carefully and let the string around its mouth, and to the compromised strangeness of the back of the taxi cab there is added the high, sour smell of copper. Slope's nose twitches. He is perceptually sensitive to odor and recently had to stop reading Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* because no vision of a man led into the bowels of the American nightmare by nothing more than his words on top him—or, as he said, "I looked me out." Now, though, he seems to breathe his collection of poems, and after a consider of moment, he says, "Sometimes they smell like shit, sometimes like candy. What I like is that you can never tell what it's going to be. You know, poems are not facing money, you know? They're not acts of ceremony. They're tributes of American idealism. My grandfather—when some I love read, they jump stands for a dancer, and he's right. They make you dream. Every now, we're going to live in a world without pension, and we'll be the poorer for it. What's going to replace them, the people space they occupy? Michael?" He goes into the finished task, extracts two poems from it, then refits the string and returns the book to his little bag. One poem

is bright and shiny, the other is unadorned dark with the touch of a thousand-grainy finger, but without further ceremony. Slope pops both of them in his mouth, like vitamin. For a second, it seems as though he's swallowed them, but he takes them out and places them both into his eyes, although they are wet with saliva. "Poems make your mouth water," Slope says with a tiny evanescent smile, and that's the last thing he says for a very long time.

The interview, it seems, is over, or else Slope has simply yielded to the calming effect of copper on his eyes and has fallen asleep. In fact, it's impossible to tell whether his eyes are open or closed behind the poems, but what's weird is that as the taxi cab keeps heading down toward downtown L.A., the bright poetry has no flame at all, while the dark poetry is where the streetlights find their reflections and explode. "A few years ago," he finally says, "I went to a race with you, and she told me she was going to die in *Goodbye*." His face barely moves to be spoken, but now he begins singing "Witch Woman" in his cracked falsetto and has allowed himself the trace of a smile. "Who did that song? Buffalo Springfield, or someone like that?" When he is told that it's the Staples, he says, "Jesus, I hate the Staples. But you know what's weird? Kurt Cobain loved them. He thought they were a great American band. Courtney liked them, too." His smile disappears, and it seems that he is about to revert back into silence when suddenly a money broker in Litch Park lurches in front of the taxi and the driver has to slam on the brakes. The poems go flying out of Slope's eyes and Slope has to run his hands frantically near his face to find them. When he does and puts them back in their slots, he is so wide awake, so alert, that he seems to have been delivered from the dream the poems forced him to contemplate.

"Well, that was exciting," he says. "You know, I could follow her with a taxi driver. They go too fast, they run red lights, and the meter's always racing. They're about the pop stars." Our taxi driver is a small, silent Filipino named Jorge who has a delicately composed face and a nose running from the corner of his mouth to his ear. Just enough, Jorge—already going too fast—runs a red light, and Slope begins studying his face and talking about how he'd photograph him. "That's the most beautiful face I've ever seen," Slope says. "It's just so... precise. The nose he put it in a little fight or something, but it looks almost tribal." Finally he leans forward and says, so softly that he seems to be speaking in another language, "Jorge, can I touch your ear?" You wouldn't mind, would you? But Jorge just keeps driving; he either doesn't understand English or pretends not to, and the quick glancing of his eyes is the only indication that he's heard Michael Slope at all. Then at last we are in downtown L.A., and Slope asks, "Where are we going, anyway? In there, like, an open downtown or something?"

"That was last night."

"Then where are we going?"

"Jesus, Michael, I don't know." I say "It was your idea to get the cab?"

"Oh, it was, wasn't it?" Slope says. "I don't know. I just like taxis. They seem so hopeful. One of these days, I'd like to take a taxi to the top of a mountain and then if the driver I don't have any money, I assume then he still has to go back down." With a sigh, he falls back into his seat and says, "I wonder where Jorge's taking us. Maybe to *Goodbye*. Maybe the Gypsy was right."

There is a long pause, into which rather the humming silence of an L.A. night, then, from the front of the cab, Jorge says, "Pop star speed more than poems for *Goodbye*?" and Michael Slope, who just looking down, looking and looking and then begins to spill those eyes that poems had so recently sealed in.

For an extended version of this story, in which I ask a question of Slope from the poems of the *Sixth* elements is explained, visit www.esquire.com/stories.

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By Jim Atkinson

the funny thing about cholesterol

... is that most people with serious heart disease don't have high levels of it and never did.

And it may be something else entirely that's going to make your heart explode. Good one, huh?

"YOUR CHOLESTEROL IS UP," the nurse said over the phone, her voice brittle and vaguely accusatory. As she rattled off the details—LDL, HDL, triglycerides, et cetera—I could feel my pulse quicken and my chest tighten. Be something, wouldn't it, if the Big One came at the hands of a nurse snooty over your cholesterol-test results? ¶ The way things are going, I wouldn't be surprised. I don't mean to whine, but I work hard at my cholesterol numbers: eat right, exercise an hour a day, continue to be in the lower reaches of desired weight for my height and age, quit drinking and smoking years ago. Take my cholesterol-lowering lipitor every day. As for some reason, on this one particular check, my normal total of around 200 (the upper reaches of the "desired range" for most cholesterol) had run up to the 240s (considered borderline high). Was I going to drop dead the next time I climbed up on the Statue of Liberty at the NY Giants? I did an hour on it that day. How did we get to where we're being baited around by a handful of measurements of an essentially benign, endogenous substance? Is it really possible for something as complex as a heart attack to be chalked up to too much low-density lipoprotein? Can eating enough Chexmix and soy burgers keep us from becoming Dick Cheney? (His way of thinking proved, at one time, nothing to the best of good marketing rather than good medicine.)



FIRST OFF, MOST VICTIMS OF HEART DISEASE DON'T HAVE HIGH CHOLESTEROL

Strange but true. As Dr. Thomas Thompson writes in his thorough and awful *The Heart Disease Breakthrough*, "Though heart disease is commonly portrayed as the result of high cholesterol, 80 percent of the people who get that disease have the same total and LDL cholesterol levels as those who don't." This means any one—of all—of three things: People with low levels of it are developing heart disease; people with high levels are not; it is less relevant to causing heart disease than are other things. So why is cholesterol such a big deal?

Actually, it isn't always. Cholesterol is a mostly useful substance, one of two major fats in the blood (the other being triglycerides). Your liver produces up to three fourths of it, the rest comes from your diet. The body uses cholesterol for the production of hormones and to waterproof the membranes of its cells. (Its molecules are *amphiphilic*.) This is particularly important to nerve cells. Hence, the highest concentrations of cholesterol are usually found in the brain.

Accord to 80 percent of your cholesterol is ferried by low-density lipoproteins—LDL, what we've come to associate with "bad" cholesterol—while the remainder "carries" that transport cholesterol from the liver to cells that need it for membrane construction. Unfortunately, the cells don't require all the cholesterol that's delivered; the excess becomes fatter than helps the cells. This fat can collect on artery walls and lead to atherosclerosis. Twenty to 40 percent of your cholesterol is carried by other little molecular substances known as high-density lipoproteins, HDL, which we associate with "good" cholesterol because they roam the bloodstream, snagging bits of bad cholesterol and carrying them back to the liver for disposal.

Scientists knew that cholesterol had something to do with heart disease as early as the turn of the twentieth century because when people died of heart attacks, some or a lot of this stuff could always be found near the scene of the crime. But it didn't become a public enemy until the 1950s and 1960s, when deaths from heart attacks became epidemic in the U.S. Though the plaque that caused atherosclerosis contained other substances (immune cells, inflammatory cells, smooth muscle cells, blood-clotting agents, and so on), other bad cholesterol was known to play a preeminent role (inflammation of the artery walls or injury to them caused by cigarette smoke, stress, hormones, or hypertension), and though other risk factors had been shown to contribute to heart disease (family history, obesity, diabetes), cholesterol always got most of the blame, perhaps because it was the one component of the heart-disease mystery that could be easily quantified and also one that a patient could exercise at least some control over.

The key evidence supporting cholesterol has always been relative-risk studies such as the massive Multiple Risk Factor Intervention Trial (MRFIT). This study of three hundred thousand men in 1958 showed that those with elevated cholesterol levels (say 260) were four times more likely to develop heart disease than those with very low cholesterol (say 190 or less). Of course, from another view, the results aren't so dramatic. At an LDL cholesterol level of 190, you're in an analysis of MRFIT the actual percentage of men in the study who died of heart disease was only 0.4 to 1.3 percent of the high-cholesterol group versus 0.3 percent of the low-cholesterol group. Is that sort of difference worth all the angst?

While cholesterol has never been anything more than one among many risk factors for heart disease, it has become, in the public imagination, *the* risk factor—the be-all and end-all of heart disease. The

truth has never been much of a match for advertising, and in this case, a more muted and realistic view of cholesterol has been made almost impossible by the saturation of sales pitches from the drug companies and the diet-food industry. The Cholesterol Thing seems to have a life all its own. Aside from that elevated total-cholesterol level of 260 or before, we now fret about an LDL level of 130 or below and an HDL level of 40 and above. It all wouldn't be so disappointing if it weren't for the fact that we've come to place the responsibility for the numbers squarely on our own plates, even though...

... DIETING MAY NOT HELP ALL THAT MUCH

Can you really reduce your risk of heart disease simply by watching your cheese and red-meat intake? Maybe, but remember: Most of your cholesterol is endogenously produced, so cutting back on the amount you're not going to affect only a quarter to a third of your total. At that, if you starve the body of cholesterol, the liver will make shorter-term to compensate, so your effort may be at least partly futile. Finally, scientists are just now learning how much of a role genetics may play in high cholesterol, and even the most strenuous diet is not going to stop the liver from overproducing the stuff if that's what its genes are telling it to do.

A strict diet could probably reduce your cholesterol 30 to 35 percent. Some researchers claim that that sort of reduction—say, from 260 to 190—can significantly reduce your risk of heart disease, but again, that decrease would drop your odds of developing heart disease by two to three percent. And even if you may then find that with eliminating cholesterol from your diet hasn't evidently contributed to the obesity epidemic by leading you to consume more high-calorie carbohydrates.

Most docs agree that diet works best when combined with cholesterol-lowering drugs. If that weren't the case, the drug companies wouldn't now be making several gazillion dollars a year off such medications. We'd all just be eating back to the regular size lives at McDonald's and only seeing your own cholesterol levels. But while those do work, it should be said that...

... CHOLESTEROL MEDICATIONS MAY REPRESENT THEIR OWN HEALTH RISK

Statins called mevastatin and Pravastatin—comes that have become adjectives as familiar as Ecstasy and Tylenol—can drop LDL and total cholesterol by as much as a third by inhibiting the production of cholesterol by the liver. But not with million Americans taking these drugs to the tune of \$6 billion a year, you have to wonder if we're not creating another, even overpriced medication that can't possibly live up to its hype.

Because while it's quite clear that statins reduce cholesterol, it's not certain that they prevent heart disease. Indeed, the sister of one of the more popular forms, Lipitor, seems to mesh, even in one of its ubiquitous reference advertisements. Makers of other statins do claim that they can reduce heart disease but, interestingly, even in people with elevated cholesterol levels—suggesting that other factors may be more important than high cholesterol.

Some scientists claim that statins are actually dangerous, although the proof is scanty. One animal study has suggested that they can cause cancer, and they can cause liver toxicity, but only in a very small percentage of patients. Nevertheless, these drugs have been widely prescribed for less than a decade, so their long-term effects remain an open question. Even the National Cholesterol Education Program, which aggressively promotes cholesterol reduction, warns doctors to prescribe these drugs prudently.

But the entire debate about statins may be moot, since...

... THE MOST DANGEROUS CHOLESTEROL OF ALL MAY BE ONE THAT'S NOT BEING MEASURED

My next test had me back down around that 200 level, but that only encouraged me to get some straight answers. At it happened, my doctor's office had just contracted with the Berkeley Heart Lab in California to provide detailed "Tried" profiles to patients who were interested and willing to gamble that their HMO would cover the expense. Which it was told would be anywhere from \$300 to \$425.

"It should provide you more solid information," my doctor told me, *confiding* precisely to what I'd begun to suspect: that these low cholesterol numbers are on their way to become forms of *labeled* cholesterol, like, very floppy dolls.

The process involved something called, *drumroll*, *Genetics*. Genes that Electrophoresis. By measuring and analyzing "subfractions" of both LDL and HDL, I was told, a more startling light would be shed on my cholesterol. Apparently there are worse elements to "bad" cholesterol and better ones to "good" cholesterol. These are other substances involved in atherosclerosis that only additional testing could detect and measure with accuracy.

Among the most lethal of these subfractions is lipoprotein(a), or Lp(a). This particular molecule may have been understood as the aura gas of the lipid world. Researchers have found that elevated levels of this little-sorted form of cholesterol will increase your odds of developing heart disease by 70 percent, even after you take the best of your medicine. As to elevated cholesterol, these Lp(a) proteins aretherosclerosis in a cloud of sorts. It recognizes production of a chemical that helps to dissolve blood clots, thus allowing clots to accommodate at the site of arterial lesions, and it seems to operate as a kind of glue that helps bind artery LDL, particularly to the artery walls so that arterial blockages can become even bigger and more dangerous.

And the even worse news is that Lp(a) also seems to be impervious to regulation by diet or exercise. The same is true, I was told, of something called apoB, which is the protein part of the low-density lipoprotein subfractions and, when measured, can give one a more complete picture of the LDL. While I worried that I was merely being led down another slippery slope of new numbers as input to a wide range of interpretation, I figured anything that might get me off the "Your cholesterol is up" treadmill was worth a try.

... OR IT COULD BE THE SIZE OF YOUR LDL PARTICLES

When my results came, I was pleasantly surprised to find that they did, in fact, reflect a good deal of anger and reflect my cholesterol therapy. My basic numbers were unremarkable. Though my total cholesterol had drifted up into the 200s again, my LDL and HDL were 125 and 40, respectively.

But I turned low for the divided Lp(a) and apoB, which, to my mind, more than offset that slightly high total cholesterol number. But important, I learned something new about the nature of my LDL cholesterol that helped my doctor select my treatment protocol. Though my LDL number was good, the small particles, I was told, were two small. They were "pattern B," considered more dangerous than the larger "pattern A" LDL, because they tend to adhere more easily to artery walls. Just to show how precise this stuff can be, my LDL number was measured at cholesterol of 249 something—wasn't, "labeled" cholesterol at 264 and above.

This is apparently a genetic condition; diet is of little help. So to increase the size of my LDL particles, my doctor put me on a different medication that deals with that particular problem. In one sense, I simply might have bought myself more grief here. But I'm

willing to receive judgment because these new numbers may represent the risk factors that are causing all that heart disease among people with normal basic cholesterol readings.

Generally, only patients who have already been diagnosed with heart disease are offered this more detailed test, but its real value may be for those, like me, in whom this significant risk factor remains undetected. In that case, even if my HMO doesn't pay, I'll probably go back for another test in six months or so to see what progress I've made on the diameter of my LDL particles, and also to double-check one more thing: my homocysteine level, because...

WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, IT MAY BE THAT HOMOCYSTEINE IS THE CULPRIT, NOT CHOLESTEROL

One other substance that's measured in these more-detailed tests is your blood level of something called homocysteine. Mine came back at 8.6, under 10, I was told, is good. I didn't realize what good news this was until I started looking into homocysteine a little further. Turns out this element seems odd, which aids in the resolution of proteins and, in large amounts, can be quite an irritant to blood vessels, or the basis of a completely different explanation for heart disease.

The homocysteine theory, hatched by pathologist Dr. Willem McCully back in 1969, argues that high homocysteine, not high cholesterol, causes heart disease. This thesis grew out of his study of autopsies of children who died of a disorder called homocystinuria. In these cases, McCully found that a genetically mediated overproduction of homocysteine in the children's blood could cause severe atherosclerosis that looked very much like the disease in the elderly, without big exception. No cholesterol or fat deposits were found on their artery walls. McCully also discovered that these patients tended to be deficient in folic acid and vitamins B6 and B12, and he wondered if heart disease might be eased in normal people by the same dynamic low-folic-acid levels, high homocysteine, atherosclerosis, heart disease.

McCully reviewed several studies; he reviewed the autopsies of adult victims of heart disease. In the latter, he found that many elderly people who died of complications from atherosclerosis had total-cholesterol levels under 200. Clearly but surely, he began to collect a critical mass of evidence that strongly supported his hypothesis.

At the heart of this argument was a somewhat different conception of the pathogenesis of heart disease. McCully's theory was that high levels of homocysteine in the blood were a constant irritant to vessel walls, disrupting the smooth-muscle tissue there and disrupting the production of new muscle cells and blood-clotting agents—the foundation of an atherosclerotic lesion. And cholesterol was certainly not a player in this scenario. McCully soon discovered that LDL subfractions ferried homocysteine as well as cholesterol about the bloodstream. And cholesterol was one more study substance that could assess at the site of arterial lesions caused by homocysteine.

But it wasn't for cause of atherosclerosis, he argued—homocysteine was. To prove his point, he used some of the same studies cited by cholesterol-theory supporters. The reason that northern Europeans tended to suffer more heart disease than southern Europeans was not necessarily because they ate a diet more rich in fat and cholesterol, he argued; it was the fact that, according to a 1997 study, northern Europeans had much higher homocysteine levels than their southern neighbors. McCully also cited the so-called French Paradox—the fact that the French consume a cholesterol-rich diet and yet don't have nearly the heart-disease problem that Americans do—more fully (continued on page 154)

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A photograph showing two men in a gym setting. They are both hanging from a horizontal bar, performing pull-ups. The man on the left is wearing a dark jacket and dark pants, while the man on the right is wearing a light-colored striped shirt and light-colored pants. The background is a plain wall with a window on the right side.

A full-page photograph of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a bright blue short-sleeved top and a white pleated skirt, standing in a cafe. She is looking towards the left. To her left, a man in a grey suit and white shirt stands looking at her. In the background, several other people are seated at tables, and a modern pendant light hangs from the ceiling. The floor has a patterned carpet. The overall atmosphere is casual yet sophisticated.

What I've Learned David Brown

Producer (*Jaws*, *Chocolat*), 84, New York City

INTERVIEW BY CAL FUSHEMAN

Work yourself to death. It's the only way to live.
I've never loved a dumb woman. The brain, combined with moderate good looks, is an overwhelming aphrodisiac.
Exercise (by pushing away from the table).
The screenwriter George Axelrod advised that when you were breaking off a love affair, always do it in a restaurant. He thought that most women would be constrained. I wouldn't count on that.
I didn't learn to drive until I was in my forties and I moved to California. When I started to drive, I took my friend Robert Evans out, and he said, "You drive the way I fuck."
It doesn't comfort me to know that with my passing there will be no pain. I don't want to leave the party.
Marriage to a woman more successful than you can work, provided you take pride in her achievement and are secure in your own. For 30 years I was known as Helen Gurley Brown's husband, and, frankly, I loved it.
Good health is beautifully boring.
When you visit the Hayden Planetarium is the Museum of Natural History and you realize the enormity of the universe and the magnificence of Earth and all who live on it, it's hard to conceive of a god in our own image.
Never sleep with anyone who has more trouble or less money than you have.
Children can age much at faster than ten years in prison. There can have the same effect on children.
Bad dreams are more likely the result of strong desires than suppressed path.
The most unlikely women are the most explosive lovers.
Bad news is rarely suggested, and first reports of disaster are always to be trusted.
Here's how to cure hiccups: Plug your ears with your thumbs and then, with your forefingers, clamp your nostrils so you can't breathe. At that point, have someone pour water into your mouth. Take three or four gulps. Voila.
A man's attitude toward money is indicative of his momentary openness of spirit.
If you're giving what you can (charities, for example), you must have more to give.
German women are hearty, and they enjoy older men.
James took Mae West to a restaurant. Nobody bothered her. When we left, there was a standing ovation. That's respect. That's love. It's over done now.
A woman willing to be kissed on the lips lets it be known by leaning slightly forward. I have never been mistaken about that.
Never be the first to arrive at a party or the last to go home, and never, ever be both.
If you're broke, you'll live forever. If you're rich, you'll die tomorrow. To combat the first, live it up, but hide by night.
Avoid stocks whose names begin with the or end in -or or -er.
Success is a man who has the love and trust of a woman, a job he likes, and an abiding sense of humor. Success is a man whose child is a love him and have made him proud of him. Success is a man who dies at home in his sleep after a good life but just enough to fill out facial wrinkles.
What do I have about Helen? Her infinite configurations. Like a cat. No expression, movement, or phrase is ever quite the same. She's loving and funny and infinitely caring and has a work ethic that is admirable. She has a great laugh. What I love about her is her love. Everything.
Marriage is a lottery. I had been married twice when I met Helen. I had no belief that a marriage would work at that point. I was attracted to Helen casually. I didn't know she was a wonderful woman. That's the lack of it. It's forty-one years now, nearly forty-two. There isn't a day when I don't think when I think of her. We're still lovers. My great anxiety is that one of us is going to lose the other at some point, and it's a thought I can't bear to dwell on.
I was at a party in Charlottesville, Virginia, about ten years ago with Muhammad Ali. My wife was out there dancing. Everybody was dancing. Only the two of us were left at the table. Muhammad said, "Tell me, can you still get it up?" I said, "Yeah, not great, but three times to me, yes," he said, "Just curious." I was charmed by the moment.
The biggest tip I've ever given to a person: I always keep my hand over the pillow that Helen can't see it. She says, "How can I rub out this bill on my expense account with that tip?" I get paid twice.
After seventy if you wake up without pain, you're dead.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE KATZ





average story length

(a)

(b)

(c)

3

short
short
stories

(a)
(b)
(c)

(Esquire Fiction)

that we hardly ever did what we were about to do. Then she dabbed perfume on my temples and locked my streamers closed.

Her name was Mona, which is lovely in its fashion and wouldn't have troubled me at all but for the fact that my father's mother's sister had been named Mona as well. She was a lovely, haughty woman with chin whiskers and glibness. Unfortunately, my eldest Mona proved dangerous in bed, insisted I call out her name while I was performing various intimate duties, so I got a lesson in the alarming name a train of thought can take.

When we were done, she pressed me luxuriously, rebuffed the coyness between us, and spoke in laughs of those moments I had managed to lose a while attempt to meet the conversation back to taste—made a little joke, at a crawl, about graduated rates and reverse streams—but the pressed an inch left of tunic points where she wanted to go to try, both eventually and (I) divorced by her hand in the very society near term.

Afterward, she tried me strange poses and made me taste waffles, and we sat and chatted like people acquainted in a meaningful sort of way. Mona had lovely red of the benefits of supplemental skin and could very nearly recall a virtue or two of the staff carriage. She went having for the article but failed to come across it. Instead she returned with a photo album full of snapshots of her child.

The thing opened with that girl in a group nowhere fresh out of the womb and curled her up through various holdups and tenderly snuggles makes, culminating with a picture her mother had taken only the previous week. Perfection and pieces of their child's behavior quite naturally, I found some of the photos, and without full Mona pointed out Larry, she called him, whenever he showed up.

Apparently, Larry was a loving and a compassionate dad, and Mona took pains to ratify for me the most endearing qualities I'd slipped through (but she was and ran across Larry's elbow, Larry's clerk, Larry's treasurer, though with his baby daughter perched upon his knee. Mona struck, however the sort of tone when speaking of Larry's grace notes to suggest they weren't remotely compensation for the fact that the man, at bottom was one of Mona's men.

My neck lay on a rug in the front room just shy of my scrutiny and, and I could see that they were just pulled up and, just at the back, just opposite to a tape to tell her about her house and hardly in a state to be taken as far as the house back when I'd been more eager and subsequently employed.

Another than told me several occasions, I had truly well-fitted in my mind when Mona looked over to me and caught me in my right side of my neck.

She decided I was planning to tug them on my feet and leave, was sure I'd ever shown up at her house and yielded to her advances, didn't much care for children and positively hated her dress had found her own mind in a small light over and over again and so had pretended to disengage me a courtesy to her, would rather cut a bowl of dryer than than taste waffles and sausage, detested her haircut, the wicker scent of her new deodorant, and would have said by her out the door already and halfway to my car but for the gathering mass of panty-wiper.

She sent me a small note, several delivered herself of a note that proved intricate and pointedly expressive. It was one of those eruptions common to people who get the wind knocked from them, a startled spasm in the throat that is said to suggest they had hoped to go on looking.

Once I'd heard her of course, I looked her up and took in her pliant expression, which indicated me to wish I'd steered clear of her house and I'd avoided her advances, served to remind me I'd never known much personal use for children and found sausage unpalatable.

I realized I wanted to smother all of Mona's cat spurs with a hammer, decided any woman should wear lingerie in fluorescent kitchen light or dress a man in one long narrow section of all other women's pajamas, the looked to me far too old for bangs and unselfishly of my freshmen.

No for a moment we were probably verging on uneasy agreement, and if I'd wanted Mona's necktie with a recently one and a change, I then to believe I might have gotten pretty clearly one. Unfortunately, I wasn't remotely prepared to own up to being a nut, so I put on my best befuddled expression and inquired of Mona, "What?"

She spoke and I'd heard both at once, most glaring in her sister today which proved for more disarming spectacle than a new balding woman simply sporting lingerie in subterranean kitchen light.

I did what she did in such circumstances. I stopped over and checked back to me and made the manner of those men to confirm the groundlessness of her fears, which, I'm sorry to say, were largely held by repeating breakfast message.

By the time I'd wake up the next morning with Mona's cat proceeding my scalp and her daughter in filthy gray flake in her mouth crying me from the foot of the bed, I was full in the steady relaxation grip of panty-wiper.

It seems this life is chiefly tending, the preponderance of it had

[T. F. PEARSON is the author of *A Short History of a Small Place* and several other books, including, most recently, *Wise Rides*.]

[c]

INSECTS

By ARTHUR READFORD

I WAS DATING this woman named Sandra who had a crooked, S-shaped spine and propped a sort of mannered window in her spare time. She was always constructing these little dolls out of cloth and dried-up vegetable matter, stored still the dolls with pine or then on an eye to signs of suffering special discomfort on the side, which usually came up with some incidental proof that her house is in a taking effort, but, for one, was dropped.

"Tell me why you don't believe it, either," said Sandra one night. We were lying in bed, facing each other. She was twelve years older than I was and never got me by for my fiery, she pointed, but she was not an unattractive woman.

"I think it's your imagination," I told her.

"Oh, I see," said Sandra. She rolled away from me so that I could see her back more clearly. You probably wouldn't notice the curve in her spine if she were fully clothed and standing before you, but it was fairly pronounced when she lay like that on the bed.

I moved a little closer to her and said, "It's probably wrong, though. I've usually wrong about these things."

"Think you," said Sandra. "I already know that."

This was around the time that I was having difficulty controlling my anger. Many people who know me now would consider me to be a fairly calm person. But back then I was feeling frustrated. There was a boring movie inside my head, like a single bee withing to get out. As a matter of fact, I believe this all started with the bees, the small swarms of them, which I saw flying in and out of my neighbor's window.

I was walking home from Sandra's place that morning when I saw



them, these little swirling dots buzzing around the open window of Thomas's second-floor apartment. Thomas was a slender, old fellow who lived down the hall from me in our run-down apartment complex. I would often see him in the hallway and say, "Hi, Thomas." He would always look up at the last minute like he was surprised to see me. Then he would say, "Hi, hi," and keep on walking.

It had been some six weeks since I'd seen Thomas in the hall, and when I noticed those bugs flying around his open window, I began to think that maybe he was dead. This was the kind of thing who's little happen only in my building. Someone might disappear for months and no one would really notice. Except for me. I was fairly observant.

I figured if Thomas had been lying there for several days now, I'd probably already cracked his skull on the edge of his table, and now, finally, the insects had come to help along the cycle of decay. I went inside the building and knocked on his door. I would be the last who discovered his neglected corpse.

But this was not to be the case. Thomas answered the door shortly after I knocked. As usual, he put me to be surprised to see me.

"Hi, hi," he said.

"I thought you were dead," I said.

"Well, he said, "I'm not."

It was then that I figured out where the bugs had come from. There was a huge window here set up behind him in his small, one-room apartment. It looked like a stack of wooden desks, about four feet high. There were holes in every hole, little windows and even for the bugs to come and go. A beehive? Right inside his apartment? The air was thick with the insects circling about.

"I see you got yourself some bees," I said to Thomas.

"Yes, I did," he said.

They were flying in and out of my window," I pointed out.

"I'm aware of that," said Thomas. He casually brushed two bees away from his face.

Just then a bee landed on my lip and stung me. Right on the lip! Without my preoccupation at all. It was a sharp, pronounced pain, like a hot needle had been stuck there and left inside.

"Hey!" I said.

"They stung your aggression," said Thomas. "I have to go now."

And then he shut the door in my face.

The pain in my lip began to grow. I could feel it spreading in my blood. I stood there for a moment, listening to the growing din of the bees buzzing. It was a loud noise, all of them in their together buzz.

I walked back to my apartment and made up for a sandwich. It was a chicken sandwich, if you must know. I felt comforted with Thomas, the way he'd shut the door on me back there. I thought about returning to his apartment and looking him on, but really what would that accomplish? There, in a bit into my sandwich, I felt something move inside my mouth, something tickled at my tongue, and then I felt a pinch. Then the pain arrived, sharp and strong, just like before. I was stung again? Right in the mouth?

I spit the sandwich out onto the ground and looked down at the offending creature. "Fucking bee," I said.

There it was, buzzing about in my half-chewed bit of chicken sandwich.

"Tougher later!" I screamed. "Honeycrisp! Goddamn humble fucking bee!"

I picked up my chair and smashed it down upon the buzzing insect. I smashed it over and over again until both the chair and the bee were broken into pieces.

You may recall my earlier mention of difficulties controlling my anger. This particular incident could well serve as an example of that tendency. It was only afterward that I noticed I'd done quite a bit of damage to the table and broken the plate I'd used for the chicken sandwich. I did manage to kill that bee, though, and for a while while the buzzing in my head stopped.

Sandra arrived at my apartment a few days later. I was sitting on the floor, looking glum.

"Hi, Sandra," I said. My tongue was all swollen and tender. My lip lay flat, too.

"What happened to you?" asked Sandra.

"I got stung by a bee. Twice," I said.

The chair and the table and the plate were still lying on the floor in a broken-up mess. "Looks like you've had quite a day," she said.

I tried to explain to her, as best I could with my mouth all puffed up like that, about Thomas and his bees. It was still hard at times for her body to remember about my inner aggression setting them off.

"Do I know Thomas?" asked Sandra.

"I don't think so," I said.

"Perhaps I could help you," said Sandra. "You know what I mean?"

She smiled a sort of devilish smile, and no, I had no idea what she meant. But then I figured it out. She wanted me to use one of her little dolls. When I refused, I told Sandra I wasn't interested, and she seemed disappointed. We cleaned up the broken mess in my floor and then she went home.

It was difficult for me to see after that. My injured tongue felt like it had been gnawed full of ants. Sandra and the wouldn't hear me out of it. I'd feel it. I wondered if maybe Thomas was riding up some strange herd of bees, a special strain that caused severe trauma on its victims. I wanted Thomas to feel bad about this. I made frequent trips out to the hallway. [continued on page 160]

"MAYBE YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME THE FIRST TIME."

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Backstage Demands: A History

Here are just a few dressing-room requirements of a famously overexposed actress/producer who, as a rule, is as stipulated in a recent contract for a magazine photo shoot.

FRUIT/VEGETABLES

Mango, green seedless grapes, pineapple can include papaya, honeydew, watermelon, chocolate

FLOWERS

Yellow roses with red satin ribbon ties, white roses

ITEMS

250 thread count or higher cotton sheets

BEVERAGES

Islandia beer—Penny Pinch VCR & CD player. If none always—NO EXCEPTIONS

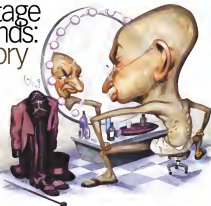
CANDLES

Baroque—rubensian. Fijian. Holiberg

Yes, yes, although is particular, but no more so than your average premeditated geek. After some rigorous research, Esquire has unearthed some other dressing-room demands.

GARCON'S BACKSTAGE

Carrots
Dra (2) baskets of fruit (apple, mango, nectarine)
A shrimp cocktail with tartar sauce
3 pecanies and waffles
A packet of chicken—less tomatoes & thighs—russard
NOTES:
A cop writer assembled well—dry, oil or water
A karma of food is given
One to small bowl of salad



olive for washing
1 cotton sheet—10
thread count or less—
fourth style. NOT NEW
Della style

SHIMON FRIED'S

BACKSTAGE DEMANDS

Cigs—Cable, long
Cucumbers
Duschi
Sauces—Bavarian
Chestnut, well-cooked
Salt and pepper shakers
Thermos
Candles—all Tuberosa
Onions
A glass of cocaine—LACUT
Couch—300 thread count

ERIK KIMMEL'S

BACKSTAGE DEMANDS

Breakfast
Whistles with a maple syrup

potatoes, condary sausage
four members of the band
bourgeoisie, a fine hybrid
the novel
No teacup plates or paper
plates

Flowers

A vase containing roses, lilies,
pancreas, chaco, and
scabiosa

Leaves

Must be 250 thread count or
higher and 3 feet opposite
themselves

Beverages

Water: wicker two bowls
Pots filled with water
Shrimp sauce: wicker

JESSE BACKSTAGE

DEMANDS

Separate dressing room for the
audience—MUST
A guarantee of and wine of none

available, water acceptable
No five beds—NO EXCEPTIONS
Leaves (avoided) and lilies
Light Chilean wine base no
spicy snacks
15 bottles including all
Peach Snapple

TOMAS DE TORO/MAGAZINE'S

BACKSTAGE DEMANDS

3 extra 8 inches. 16 spots—
vinyl-lined, 16 ports
1 truck—14 feet in length
MUST have gelatin water
snaps
100 feet of rope—500 thread
count or higher
420000 feather Jaws—
Saphire: NOT Ashkenazi
MUST be chromium—NO
EXCEPTIONS

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